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LETTERS

Futurology Critiques

James Traub's article, "Futurology: The Rise of the Predicting Profession" [December], entirely misses the point of futures research. It merely contributes to the problem he criticizes.

The value of studying the future lies not in the answers but in the questions that it raises for further discussion. We can no longer afford to wait for answers based on linear thinking. It is time for us to welcome new questions from whatever sector they emerge. Herman Kahn, Ted Gordon, Willis Harman, and all other futurists offer us new ways of seeing the world. That is their gift to us. It is up to us to begin the discussion.

Anne W. Cheatham
Director
Congressional Clearinghouse on the Future
Washington, D.C.

In trying to plan for an uncertain future, I must reluctantly agree with *SR*'s conclusion: The track record of the futurists is underwhelming. No one predicted Vietnam and its tragic consequences, nor the demise of a President, nor 13 percent inflation during a recession. The list of "misses" is extensive.

But let's not throw out the baby with the bath water. The process is still young. The futurists do help us to understand the degree of uncertainty that we face, if not the specific events. Perhaps with more experience, better models, and improved trends, the batting averages will improve.

W.B. Tunstall
Director of Corporate Planning
AT&T
Basking Ridge, New Jersey

It is interesting to note that all the high-flown rhetoric of "scientific" predictors in your "Future Chic" section can be boiled down to a few variations on the basic statement that things will get worse and then better. This has served as the all-purpose stock prediction of pseudo-seers from time immemorial. They simply can't admit to their prestigious clients that they don't know how the future works.

Martha A. Matthews
Tucson, Arizona

A Plea to Improve Prime Time

The most significant revelation of John Mariani's "Hanna Barbera: The Cartoonists Who Own Saturday Morning" [November 24] is that *no one* is claiming that these cartoons are quality television. Mr. Mariani's conclusion that the programs are "not as bad" as he'd thought is not supported by his evidence. Both the critics and the creators admit that the shows are not good. ACT's president calls the programming "an insult to children," while Joe Barbera excuses poor quality by blaming the networks who he says "have killed all the creativity in Saturday morning animation.

Considering the success of a program such as *Sesame Street*, I hardly think children would object to better quality on Saturday mornings. Why can't children's prime time TV be improved?

Karen Stanton
Walnut Creek, California

Million-Dollar Babies

I found Lynne McTaggart's "Babies for Sale: The Booming Adoption Racket" [November 10] to be a clear and concise review of the shocking practices of the baby-for-sale market where fear, coercion, and misrepresentation are standard operating procedures.

The inability of the individual states to control this black market prompted my introduction early last year of S. 1237, the Adoption Protection Act of 1979. This legislation would make it a federal crime to engage in the sale of children for profit, a step that is essential in curtailing what has now become a business enterprise with gross "sales" of $50-100 million annually.

Harrison A. Williams, Jr.
Chairman
Committee on Labor and Human Resources
U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C.

Laissez-Fairy Tales

In "Kids' Stuff" [November 24], after thumbing his nose at Bruno Bettelheim's *The Uses of Enchantment* to catch the reader's attention, Ted Morgan illustrated why reading a book is always better than "thumbing through." Besides missing the point of his childhood reading, Morgan completely missed Bettelheim's point that a child *should* remain unaware of any psychoanalytic meaning in a fairy tale.

In his argument, Morgan neglected Bettelheim's primary thesis, which is that as unified works of art, the classic fairy tales should be left alone and unabridged so that children can enjoy enchantment's fullness.

Lucinda B. Arnold
West Lafayette, Indiana

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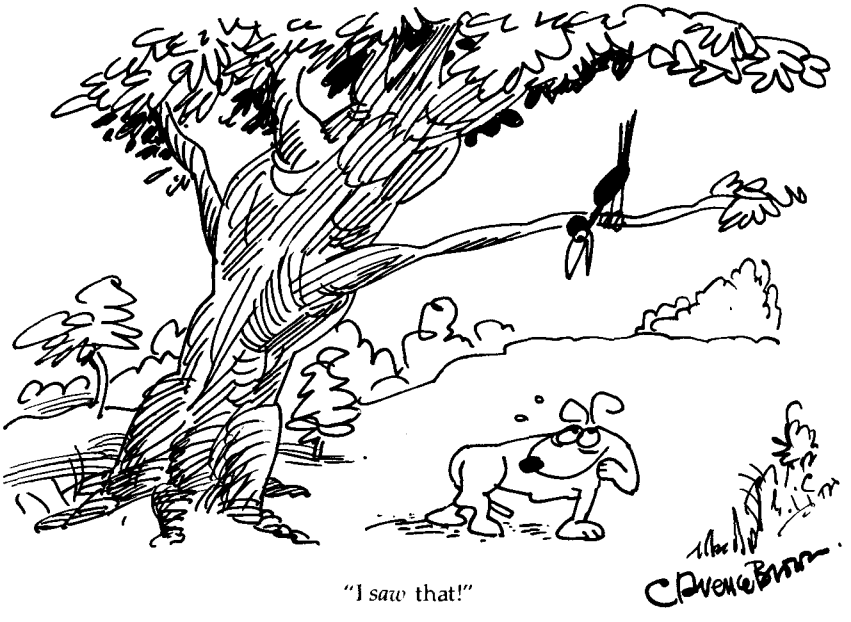

"I *saw* that!"

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Run for Your Life, Kermit

Frogs are in trouble. Each year millions of the little green amphibians fall victim to squeamish high school dissectors, biomedical researchers, gourmands, and modernization: Humans bulldoze ponds, construct highways over migration paths, and pollute the water in which frogs lay their eggs. Moreover, many isolated ponds are stocked by fishery officials with fish that grow fat on frog eggs and tadpoles.

The result of this onslaught, according to Richard J. Wassersug, a University of Chicago anatomist and frog expert, is a dwindling frog population. The shortage is already evident in the biology classrooms, where fetal pigs are being substituted for frogs.

If *Rana pipiens* (grass frog), *R. catesbeina* (bullfrog), and *R. clamitans* (green frog) go the way of the dodo, science, as well as environmentalists, will suffer. Here are just a few reasons why.

- The frog is one of the best experimental animals for studying genetics.
- Fetal and adult hemoglobin differ in both frogs and humans. The frog system is, therefore, a convenient model for hemoglobin changes.
- Both human and frog eggs, it is theorized, will not fertilize without the aid of gravity. NASA plans to send frog eggs into orbit to check out the hypothesis.
- Frog DNA can be transplanted into frog cells and identical frogs can be cloned from the original DNA. The process is being carefully monitored by the test-tube baby set.

Obviously frogs are good for mankind. So next time you're in a kindly mood, have a frog to lunch, not for it.

Sorry, Right Number

A home is not a castle, not in the United States. Lock all your windows, bolt all your doors, throw away the radio, kick in the TV screen, solder your mailbox shut—try as hard as you like, but in the end Big Business will get you. Because you just couldn't bear to rip out the telephone.

Four million telephone solicitations are made every day on that most intimate of modern conveniences. But now it looks as though our privacy is about to be invaded on a more massive scale. Using 193 British-built Computafones, a firm could call every home in the United States and deliver a 30-second recorded sales pitch. The Whisk Lady will call to warn about ring around the collar. Just as the unsuspecting American is about to squeeze the Charmin, the telephone will ring, and it will be—you know who. The prospects are dizzying.

The FTC reports that it has received more mail about junk calls than any other subject in its history. And legislation has been introduced in Congress to allow people to put, in effect, an electronic "no soliciting" sign on their phones. But the bill has not gone very far, which is good news for Computafones, bad news for sanity.

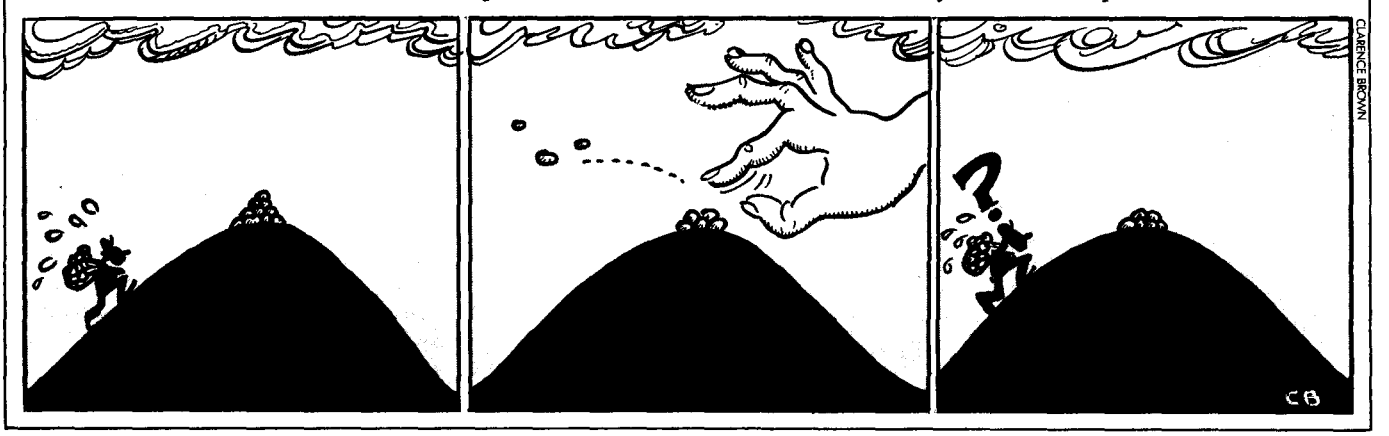
Because It Isn't There

They take millions of years to form. The earth's plates collide, lava spills out, sediment accumulates—and slowly, patiently, a mountain is born. But sometimes—well, sometimes, the result lacks that certain something, that *je ne sais quoi*, that pinch of perfection. In Townsville, Australia, for instance, nature came up just a bit short—by about half a meter. That's how much dirt and rock is needed to make Castle Hill a full-fledged mountain, which at least by Australian standards, must be a minimum 305 meters (or 1,000 feet).

But now comes word from the *Melbourne Age* that there is no cause for panic. Over the last 10 years Daniel Sawkins and half a dozen friends who form the Castle Mountain Fraternity have been trying gamely to remedy Mother Nature's lapse. Armed with buckets, spades, and sacks, they have been quarrying gravel on weekends, and lugging it to the top of the hill where, over a 30-square-meter patch, they are building up that last elusive half meter.

The battle, so far, has been mostly uphill. The Seventies have come and gone but Castle Hill stands only four centimeters taller. Progress has been hampered by erosion and vandals who seem to find it amusing to remove the gravel. The wavering enthusiasm of the other fraternity members has also contributed to the slowness: "I have to keep giving the others pep talks. Not everyone treats this seriously and you have to be committed," Sawkins says.

For their part, Sawkins's family and friends tend to regard him as eccentric: "Mostly they look at you with their mouths open. They think you're a bit stupid."



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EDITORIAL

Solutions Are Possible

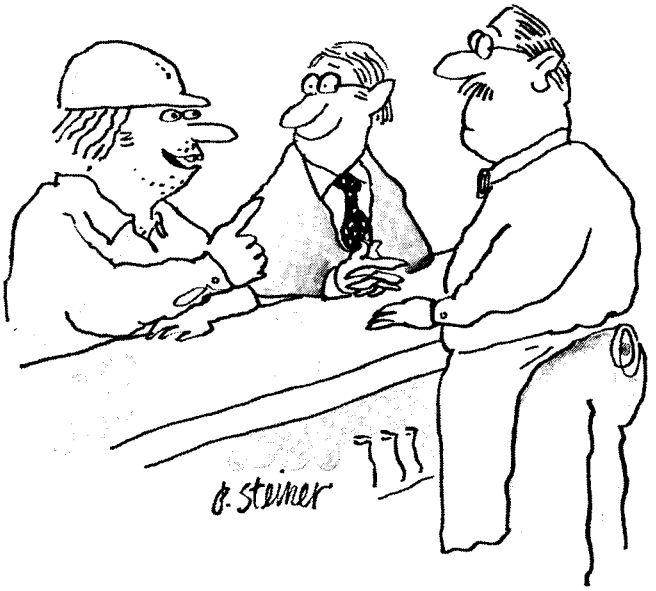
IN ANY INVENTORY of the world's prospects, stabilization of population by the People's Republic of China is an auspicious item.

In order to grasp the significance of this development, we have only to think back to the late Sixties and early Seventies when ominous forecasts were being made about a runaway world population problem. Some predictions envisioned a world of 8 to 10 billion people by the year 2000, with close to half that number living under famine conditions. Bulking large in such forecasts was the People's Republic of China, where population growth was expected to account for more than a fourth of the world's total. The projected drain on the world's food, mineral, and energy resources from China's continuing biological explosion led to the gloomiest of all scenarios. For example, it was said that the vaunted food surplus of the United States could be multiplied many times and still fall short of the coming need in China. Thus emerged the specter of hundreds of millions of Chinese clamoring for subsistence. What made this picture all the more discouraging was that some Chinese leaders were quoted as saying that China's unchecked population growth was none of the world's business.

There is reason today for genuine optimism, therefore, in the thoroughgoing and effective population-control program being carried out by China. The present total population there is about 900 million—by far the largest of any nation—but if current policies are sustained, China will experience zero population growth and probably a decline.

What new birth-control system do the Chinese use? Nothing biologically or mechanically extraordinary, just an acceptance of social responsibility. Young people are encouraged to postpone marriage until their late twenties. They are expected to take whatever precautions they favor to see to it that they have no more than two children. What happens to families with three children or more? The social stigma accorded them by their communities is so strong that few young couples are tempted to risk it.

How do young people react to these restrictions? In the south of China we visited a silk factory and spoke to a man and his wife, both of them about 30, who had been married little more than a year. Both were college graduates and were now employed in ventures connected with silk-growing—the man as an agriculturist and the woman as an artist who wove silk tapestries. They had decided they would have just one child. They had vivid memories of stories their parents and grandparents used to tell them about famine conditions in China in the Twenties and Thirties. They knew that their country would have to contend with food shortages throughout the foreseeable future; and they wanted neither to contribute to that problem nor to be victimized by it.



"I'll have a screwdriver and my friend here will have a ball-point pen."

And how did they feel about being the first generation of Chinese that deliberately turned away from the tradition of large families? They said that China was demonstrating its ability to create new traditions and that they were proud to be part of the process.

We asked them whether their decision was influenced in any way by the world population picture. They said they recognized that in India and Southeast Asia and in many other parts of the world people were not taking seriously their responsibilities as world citizens. They hoped that China would now serve as a useful example to the rest of the world.

The Chinese example, of course, goes only so far toward solving the world population problem. What can we do about the other parts of the world—India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, South America, Africa—where population continues to swell and where agricultural production keeps falling farther and farther behind the number of mouths to feed?

Do we withhold our own food surpluses according to the theory of lifeboat ethics, in which people struggling to get into the boat are beaten back with the oars of the survivors? Certainly not. That way lies catastrophe. The dominant characteristic of the 20th century is the refusal of people to die quietly—whether under circumstances of starvation or political abuse.

What we must do is to work all the harder. One thing we know for sure is that a drop in the birth rate usually follows a rise in the standard of living. We can help improve living conditions. We can make an all-out commitment to agricultural research projects such as nitrogen fixation. The principal need of the deprived nations is not land but fertilizer. Many countries cannot afford the nitrates that they need for expanded agricultural production. If nitrogen can be fixed in the soil, the world's bill for fertilizer can be cut in half and the food supply doubles. Water can be desalinated and brought in from the sea. The trillion barrels of shale oil reserves in the United States could provide some of the energy for these purposes.

Whatever efforts we choose to make, we must not overlook the most significant lesson that can be learned from the changing population picture in China: that the computerized predictions of a decade ago about the human future need not overwhelm or paralyze us. Computers can only make projections based on the existence or continuation of certain factors. But the factors are not immutable. As long as people see themselves as being larger than their problems, and as long as the will to live is coupled with the will to make the world livable, the human race has a very good chance. —N.C.

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Onomatopoeia

ONE OF THE toughest, hardest-sounding words I know is *concrete*. And *concrete block* evokes the solidity of a 10-ton door locking into place. Cement, on the other hand, with its sibilant beginning and its soft labial core, is a flaccid word.

So I am doubly embarrassed at having goofed a few months age when I mentioned a garage made of cement. A couple of engineers and the wives of a couple of other engineers wrote to tell me that cement is one of the ingredients in concrete, and that concrete was undoubtedly the material used for the garage. We've all heard of cement walls and cement pavings, though what is almost always intended is *concrete*, and what is never intended is cement. Given the solid, onomatopoeic quality of the word *concrete*, this is an astonishing error.

Speaking of onomatopoeia, Mr. Robert Williams, of Sunnyvale, California, forced me into second thoughts about its meaning recently. I had written about a soporific poem by Norman Corwin. "The poem," I said, "is a sort of onomatopoeic tour de force—a selection of sounds to woo the sandman."

Mr. Williams wrote to tell me that:

> True onomatopoeia rips, tears, roars, snarls, sizzles, crushes, bangs, rattles, creaks, grinds, explodes. It wakens and sharpens the senses. It rarely soothes them, except for a very limited number [of words] like hum, sing, croon.
>
> When I think of onomatopoeia, I think of the Ancient Mariner's ship sibilantly and fricatively slicing its way into the silent sea, or Masefield's tall ship shaking her sails, and kicking her wheel out of the harbor, or Lear in his rage, blowing, cracking his cheeks, spouting cataracts and hurricanes in imitation of the sound and fury of the storm.
>
> Onomatopoeia is nothing to go to sleep by.

I think Mr. Williams is putting unnecessarily strict limitations on onomatopoeia. Alexander Pope's line in *The Essay on Criticism* probably says it best: "The sound must seem an echo to the sense."

The subsequent lines are:

> Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
> And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
> But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
> The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
> When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
> The line, too, labors, and the words move slow.

Onomatopoeia is frequently described as "echoic" or "imitative." The most obvious examples—words like *rattle, creak,* and *murmur*—are clearly imitative. But onomatopoeia can be evocative without imitating. Take our concrete block again—a soundless thing, and yet the phrase *concrete block* does seem an echo to the sense of the thing itself. The difference between *cement wall* and *concrete block* transcends the difference between a wall and a block, as well as the misuse of the word *cement. Cement wall* is to *concrete block* as "sipping cider through a straw" is to "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute Saloon."

Onomatopoeia can not only rip, roar, snarl, and hiss; it can soothe, "when zephyr gently blows." And it can evoke Eliot's "pair of ragged claws / Scuttling across the floors of silent seas." That line from *Prufrock* is followed by "And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully! / Smoothed by long fingers, / Asleep...."

That isn't just imagery; that's music.

There's one paragraph in James Thurber's story, *The Thirteen Clocks*, that almost makes me queasy. Its shifts of scene and mood are too rapid:

> The brambles and the thorns grew thick and thicker in a ticking thicket of bickering crickets. Farther along and stronger, bonged the gongs of a throng of frogs, green and vivid on their lily pads. From the sky came the crying of flies, and the pilgrims leaped over a bleating sheep creeping knee-deep in a sleepy stream, in which swift and slippery snakes slid and slithered silkily, whispering sinful secrets.

To me, that's like riding in a car driven by a mad gear-stripper.

Not only do I think that Norman Corwin's soporific is pure onomatopoeia ("And in the trancid night forsoonly sup / Of myrrh and the smerds of Arcady"); but I think it likely that one of the oldest uses of onomatopoeia was to induce sleep. Think of *lull* and *lullaby*. The use of some phrase like "Hush-a-bye my baby" is probably as old as language itself, and it is my guess that onomatopoeia and sleep have been linked since we first started uttering sounds.

—Thomas H. Middleton

"Medic!"

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Boring Is Beautiful

I AM A PROFESSIONAL woman. I work for a living, supporting myself, a cat, a garden. Current mythology assures me I am many things, and to prove it I have been made a Big Business. Publishing, ever on the cutting edge of a fizzled trend, has made me a phenomenon as well. As such, I am buried up to my simple gold earrings in reading aimed specifically at me. There exist more books than I care to count telling me what to wear to be successful, what to say, what games to play, and what lovers to avoid on that all-important climb to the corporate top. I have bought my gray flannel skirted suit, careful to use the vest (with its veiled promise of sensuality) only on off-work hours. I have the proper briefcase, the right neutral blouse with neckline neither too high nor too low. I am up to my ankles in sensible pumps. I am the beneficiary of the worry and accumulated wisdom of men and women who have built whole careers on sparing me the pitfalls of corporate life. These people have put years of their lives into such tomes so I might never fail, might never make my own mistakes.

I know what to say at board meetings. I travel the highway of successful power plays. I can handle the terrified middle-management male with ease. From every bookstore window, there are legions of corporate sorts and authors (as well as authors who happen to be corporate sorts) cheering me on. I hear their muffled sounds of joy when I refuse to get the coffee or take the minutes. I hear them moan when I wear a magenta blouse with pinstripes. They are my Greek chorus. I cannot let them down.

Such mentorship and support is welcome, yet it has disturbing side effects. For such emphasis on constant excellence has crept from the ivy-encrusted halls of publishing to fashion magazines. And that is where I draw the line. What once was a slick, mindless publication happily suited for taking to the tub of a gloomy evening has become a mandatory exercise in self-improvement and self-promotion. In the tub, I do not wish to improve. But improvement is getting harder and harder not to do. To be sure, there might be a dress or two sandwiched between the column telling me how to invest my money and the piece telling me how to divest myself of a man who does not suit my corporate image or aspirations. But what used to be an excuse to while away mindless hours in search of the perfect lipstick has become field maneuvers. No longer can my mind be put on hold through the bubbles; I must memorize lists of dos and don'ts for my financial survival and growth.

In this age of specialization, I am compartmentalized. There are magazines for working single women, working mothers, working young marrieds, and working divorcées. The pages are filled with hints on putting together a banquet for 24 on one hour's notice with little more than a head of romaine and a package of macaroni dinner (which, as a working woman, I am supposed to have always on hand). I am told how to stuff sardines into tomatoes while preparing the annual report, how to achieve the perfect lemon mousse while not exceeding my corporate paper-clip budget.

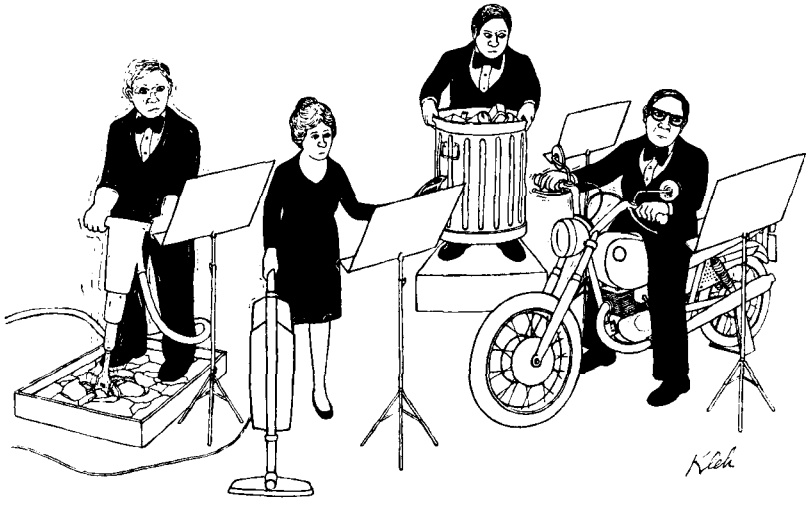
I am pooped. I have my foot firmly in the feminist camp, but at the same time I admit to enjoying the Miss America pageant every year. Therefore the upgrading of my old mindless standbys and the creation of whole new publishing empires based on fitness, self-improvement and office/personal politics are cause for concern. One day, I pray, some bright editor will come up with the magazine I have been waiting for.

It would be called *Boring Woman*, and there would be no yogurt ads. Only Twinkies and Ding-Dongs and Hamburger Helper would grace the ad pages, and wheat germ would be off limits. *Boring Woman* would provide a service to all those tired of being superwomen, not sure quite how to jump off the madcap corporate bandwagon. *Boring Woman*'s message (for in today's muddy and treacherous publishing waters, one must have a message) would be: It's all right to be dull. (A book spinoff—*I'm Boring, You're OK*—could make a few tidy bucks, and NBC could no doubt snap it up for a mini-series.) There would be pages and pages of impractical clothes that need not only constant ironing, but also starch. There would be pages of hairdos that take hours (each side) to assemble.

Not neglecting the cerebral needs of its readers, *Boring Woman* would have pithy, bright articles of interest: "Sloppiness–How to Achieve It." There would be tips on how not to raise a well-adjusted child, and tips on enjoying maladjusted husbands and lovers. There would be a column on enjoying maladjustment, with steps to stop coping. *Boring Woman* would tell its readers that there is fun in depression, wallowing in misery, not achieving, and burning the crepes. Articles by readers relating how they truly enjoy being secretaries for galvanized roofing companies, or how they manage to get through six-month stretches without vacuuming, would be encouraged.

In short, *Boring Woman* would take the heat off. Woman achievers could use it as their own secret sin, hiding it between the covers of the *Wall Street Journal*. Miss America contestants would display it proudly. The layout of the magazine will be dull, as befits the readership. It will be a raging financial success, of course, but its significance will be in the fact that it will allow us to live our lives using our own blueprints.

—Mary Alice Kellogg



Ms. Kellogg, author of Fast Track, *a book on early success, is a senior editor at* Parade Magazine.

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OLD vs. YOUNG IN FLORIDA

Preview of an Aging America

by Rasa Gustaitis

A 14-YEAR-OLD WHO lives in one of the beach-front condominiums in Ft. Lauderdale knows that elderly women clutch their purses as he passes on his bike. So he likes to ride up behind them close and slow, just to tease.

He is a clean-cut, polite youngster, a nice boy by any mother's definition, and he means no harm. Nevertheless, he relishes this private little joke on the aged. It is his way of getting a bit of revenge for the many times he has been made to feel suspect and unwelcome simply because of his youth.

His story is not an unusual one in Broward County, where the old and the young are engaged in what almost amounts to a war of generations. Only newcomers are likely to be surprised by the hostility between the two combatants. A recently arrived New Yorker, for instance, was shocked that the other customers in a restaurant refused to sit next to her and three children. A co-worker at her office explained: "Kids make noise, they throw things—who needs it?" The young can be equally scathing toward the elderly. "The problem with the o.p.s (common term for "old people" here) is not how to take care of them; it's how to keep them from killing the rest of us," remarked a young policeman's wife.

For the moment the U.S. remains largely free of the generational hostility so evident in Broward County. But there is good reason to believe that within decades the attitudes prevalent there will have spread throughout America. For demographically, Florida, and especially Broward, mirrors the future of the nation.

The number of old people in the U.S. has been growing faster than the general population. Between 1970 and 1978, the total population increased by 7 percent, while the elderly population grew 20 percent. In Florida, the growth of the elderly population has been even more dramatic: Their numbers have jumped 50 percent between 1970 and 1978, according to Jacob Siegel, senior demographic statistician at the population division of the Census Bureau. And while it is estimated that 11 percent of the current U.S. population is over 65, in Florida nearly 18 percent is elderly. Within the next 50 years, close to one out of every five Americans will be over 65. In Florida, the traditional population pyramid will be turned upside down: Those over 65 will outnumber those under 14.

The vast social and political consequences of this concentration of the elderly can already be seen in Broward County, located northeast of Miami. Broward has long been a mecca for the retired. Today over one-third of the county's population is over 60, and the number is on the rise. The conflict between the young and the old is possibly the most ominous fallout from this immense migration.

There are many reasons why the two groups have been cast as adversaries—differences of values and lifestyles, for instance. But ultimately the struggle comes down to one major issue: money, particularly government money. Both old and young rely heavily on the government for needed social services. However, the ability of the government to provide these services in an inflationary economy has shrunk, while the elderly continue to expand in number and power. The net result is almost inevitably more for the old, less for the young. There is no way to prove categorically that a direct trade-off favoring the old at the expense of the young is taking place. Yet signs of the trend are unmistakable. The fate of certain public spending programs, the widespread discrimination against children and young people in housing, the increasingly punitive attitude toward youthful offenders in the schools and in the criminal justice system, and the political clout of the old all testify to the pervasiveness of the climate created by the growing elderly population.

THE AGED IN FLORIDA HAVE bought the American promise of work followed by earned leisure. So now they shy away from social concerns with the catchphrase, "We've paid our dues." Thus, when Dade County proposed a drastic budget cut last summer, hoping thereby to avert a tax-cut initiative of disastrous proportions, the biggest slice came out of Headstart, a preschool program. As it turned out, the ballot initiative included a printing error that would have almost completely abolished taxes. It failed, and children's advocates soon succeeded in restoring the Headstart budget to the amount of the previous year. Nevertheless, with inflation taken into account, the net effect was still a cut.

Spending for schools has also shrunk in Florida, although dollar levels have remained relatively stable. In 1978 Florida, one of the richest states, spent the smallest percentage of its wealth on education, according to an in-depth report by the *Miami Herald*. In per pupil expenditures it ranked 32nd of the 50 states. Although Governor Robert Graham has announced that the state will increase spending by 10 percent in 1980, he has simultaneously proposed that the percentage of property taxes going to schools, which has already dropped in the last 10 years, should be still further reduced. According to Scott Rose, school finance expert in Pinellas County, the proposed levels will not permit schools to keep pace with inflation. As the proportion of the elderly in Florida grows, and as inflation keeps shriveling incomes, public support for education can be expected to erode even more—especially since in some areas a growing proportion of the public-school children will come from minority groups. In the words of Hillsborough County School Superintendent Raymond O. Shelton, "It's going to be difficult to keep education in the limelight as a high priority social issue."

Cutbacks have hit other youth-related programs as well. Six years ago, Dr. Georgia Reynolds, a physician who has specialized in community health practices, started a mobile health unit for preschoolers. Not long ago, Broward County failed to find the funds needed to keep the program alive. The

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FREDERICK SCHNEIDER

failure has had a price. Visiting child-care centers, Dr. Reynolds found "children who had not seen a doctor since they dropped out of the baby clinic before age one. They had problems that could easily have been remedied earlier. But by the time the kids are five or six, not much can be done." She saw cases of amblyopia (lazy eye), children who were neglected and malnourished. "One three-year-old girl was totally deaf and nobody knew it. We had her in a special program within a week." When asked why the mobile health unit had been discontinued, Dr. Reynolds replied, "I think it's the old people, mostly. They say they've already paid their dues." Having struggled to raise their own children and to make sure that they are not a burden to them, many elderly want simply to be left alone to enjoy their "golden years."

A direct consequence of this attitude has been widespread discrimination in housing against young couples and children. (Florida has no law forbidding housing discrimination against children. When a St. Petersburg city councilman proposed that a local antidiscrimination ordinance be extended to cover exclusion of children, other councilmen quickly rebuffed him.) The old and the young probably live more separate existences in Florida than anywhere else in the world. Promised a life of carefree safety in the sun, the elderly settled in droves in developer-built communities that had been designed to keep apart, rather than join, people of different ages, races, and classes. As a result, Broward today is a sprawling county with no focus. Each of its municipalities has a separate government and a separate—sometimes almost nonexistent—system of taxation. The smallest is Lazy Lakes, with 550 people; the largest, Ft. Lauderdale, with 160,000. Across the patchwork of these communities, running roughly along the railroad tracks that parallel the water, live most of the county's blacks, squeezed more tightly together as real estate prices keep rising. The wealthy elderly tend to live along the beach; the poorer, farther inland; and families with children cluster in whatever developments accept them.

Just how difficult it can be to cross the borders is evidenced by the story of the eight-year-old boy who came for an overnight stay with his great-grandparents at one of the many expensive adults-only condominiums. When the child arrived, the doorman handed him a sheet of rules: "Children require the constant supervision of those responsible for them. They must be kept from interfering in any way with the quiet and comfort of residents." The grandparents, nearly 80, were a lively couple fond of dancing and ocean cruises, but they regarded the rules as reasonable. After all, hadn't they chosen to live there precisely to be free from disturbances?

A young woman recounted that when she looked for an apartment with her husband she was asked several times by a rental agent whether she was planning to have children. She assured him that she was not, yet was nevertheless turned away with a suspicious look. For a single woman with more than one child, the options are far slimmer. Carol Fleck, a divorced mother of three, frantically searched for months after her apartment building was turned into a condominium. She had decided she could not afford to buy in, but soon discovered that no place would rent to anyone with three children. "I make more than most of the women in my office—$220 a week before taxes. And my oldest, who is 20, has a job, so we can pay a bit more," she said. "But I've looked everywhere. Occasionally apartments will take a 16-year-old, but my youngest is nine."

What underlies the discrimination against the young in housing is, of course, fear—a fear that also accounts for the harsh penalties meted out to the young lawbreakers in Florida. In the popular view, brutal and drug-crazed young hoods are particularly partial to old people as victims. This image is wrong—the elderly are victimized less than other age groups, and when the perpetrator is a youth, the victim is most often another youth—but it is constantly reinforced by the press. Last year, the media devoted much attention to 85-year-old Ralph Germano, who was attacked in his Miami home by five juveniles. He was taunted, beaten, and left bleeding on the floor, not to be found until 12 hours later. He died 37 days after the assault. One of his attackers, Eve Postell, is now the youngest female serving a life sentence in Florida's adult prison system. She is 13 years old.

The entire Florida prison population has been getting younger, as more and more juveniles like Eve are funneled into it. The view expressed by David Waksman, the assistant state attorney who prosecuted Postell, is all too typical: "These kids have shown they can't be rehabilitated," he told the *St. Petersburg Times*. "There is only one thing left. Warehouse them so they won't mug or kill anybody." He added: "Eve will be out one day and I would hate to see her then. She'll probably be 10 times worse, but that's a lot better than having her on the street. What else can we do?"

Such attitudes have led some to predict that Florida, which has more people on death row than any other state and was the first state to put a prisoner to death against his will in 10 years, may also become the first to execute a juvenile. "I don't see why all that time and money should be spent on people who have no consideration for their victims," commented an elderly woman, secretary in a church in Pinellas County. "We're much better off without them."

This severity toward the young is especially ironic in light

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of the fact, pointed to by Gary Feinberg, a sociologist at Nova University, that the elderly have much in common with the young. "Both have only one aim: fun.... "What we do as recreation—drinking, smoking, driving," says Feinberg, "they do as a way of life. Both old and young are on the outside of society." Both are aliens.

Perhaps because of this, there is a similarity in the pattern of crimes committed by the old and by juveniles. Elderly shoplifters have become a serious problem in Broward County, and vandalism and assaults by the elderly have also risen. Feinberg talks of "elderly delinquency," which he says has been spawned by the "short-run hedonism" of people who live for today because they do not have a strong grasp on tomorrow and who have no meaningful social role.

In spite of all the elderly population's struggles to mold Florida into their private world, life there is a bitter disappointment to many who worked so hard to afford it. They believed the ads: Harry is lounging by his pool, a cold drink in his hand, and he's phoning the boys back at the plant in drizzle city. Wish you were here. Smiles all around. The ad does not show that the call may be the high point of Harry's week (and how many times can he make such a phone call?). A few days spent next to the pool, and Harry may be feeling the sort of depression children experience at Christmas or on birthdays when the presents have all been opened and there's nothing more to do. "We used to go down to the beach when we first came," said a 55-year-old resident of a condo along the water. He had retired early from a small business he owned and operated in California. "But now we don't go much. Maybe because it's so close. Maybe if we had to drive there we'd go more."

Some people don't have cars or can't drive. For them, Florida is particularly desolate. The streets were designed for cars, not pedestrians, and public transportation is sparse. "We had a guest from Germany," a retired Ft. Lauderdale woman reported, "who kept asking, 'Where are all the people?' "

Where many of them are is at home, sitting in front of the TV, in an air-conditioned room. Others, to be sure, have made a successful adjustment. They enroll in classes, they engage in volunteer work. Some even find romance. One businessman was reunited with his World War I sweetheart at a writing workshop. Both had raised families and were widowed. They rediscovered each other and now spend part of their year at his home in Ft. Lauderdale, part in hers on Long Island.

STILL GOING STRONG

WIDE WORLD

Claude Pepper

FOR CLAUDE DENSON PEPPER, liberal Democrat from Miami's 14th district, age is an issue. Not, mind you, *his* age. The 79-year-old representative—he will be 80 this September—is still going strong after 14 congressional campaigns, four decades of elected service, and numerous tough legislative battles. He has a listed phone number for his modest Miami apartment, believing that calls from constituents, even in the middle of the night, are part of his "ministry of public service." He also maintains an office schedule that would weary a younger man, and worries that there are not enough hours in the day.

No, age is no problem for this easy-drawling Southerner. But the way the nation treats the aged is. If Pepper has his way—and he often does—he would reform the Social Security system, overhaul the nation's health-care programs, and insure that the elderly confined to nursing homes are treated competently and with respect. His concern, often reflected in the legislation pouring from his House Select Committee on the Aging, unquestionably makes Pepper one of the Hill's most eloquent, and perhaps most effective, spokesmen for the plight of the elderly.

Pepper led the fight to repeal mandatory retirement laws. With traces of old-South oratory from his early years in the Florida panhandle, he called such laws "cruel and unreasonable," likening them to death sentences for the elderly.

During the hearings the congressman demonstrated his knack for dramatizing his convictions. At one point, while trying to secure the repeal of a Federal Aviation Administration rule that allows no one beyond 60 to fly a commercial airplane, he paraded before the committee a 59-year-old airline pilot. The man had recently negotiated a harrowing emergency landing after three of the four engines on his jumbo jet had failed, but in just two months, when he turned 60, he would be forced to retire. "Here was a fellow doing a splendid job," recalled Pepper, "yet he was fired one second after midnight on his 60th birthday."

Although Pepper lost that skirmish, he won the war impressively. In December 1978, Congress repealed mandatory retirement for most areas of federal service and pushed the retirement age back from 65 to 70 for most of the private work force.

A few months ago, Pepper convinced Congress to appropriate money for the National Institute of Mental Health for a one-year study to examine the scientific validity for the exemptions—airline pilots among them—from the more liberal retirement law.

"If we get a favorable report," said Pepper, "the people who have opposed us in Congress have agreed publicly that they will join our efforts to lift these age restrictions."

Pepper also has lobbied incessantly for reform of the programs that deliver health care to the nation's elderly and for tougher laws governing private institutions, particularly nursing homes, that provide geriatric care. In 1978 he guided legislation that committed the federal government to a more active role in inspecting the nation's $15.8 billion nursing home business. More recently, he won approval before the House Ways and Means Committee for a bill that would allow federal Medicaid dollars to be spent on fees for so-called "health maintenance organizations." These HMOs, as they are called, are private health cooperatives that allow members, for a prepaid fee akin to an insurance payment, virtually unlimited health care. If approved, said Pepper, the bill would help make comprehensive health care available to the indigent elderly.

Pepper, who lost his wife Mildred to cancer last year, was instrumental in winning a $39 million appropriation for the National Cancer Institute in 1979. A third of that money will go for research on new, so-called behavior modification drugs that act with the body's natural immunity system to fight off the effects of cancer. Scientists now believe such drugs offer the best bet in the battle against the killer disease.

How does Pepper do it all? "I'm a hard worker," he laughs. "I'm pretty persistent. I keep on trying."

An unabashed populist, Pepper seems keenly aware that little things may mean a lot to those less fortunate than he. In 1929, he took a lot of ribbing when, as a young Florida legislator, he pushed through legislation that suspended the requirement that persons over 65 have a license to fish. "It wasn't much of a bill," said Pepper, "but it gave those people, many of whom didn't have much money, a little boost." **—Ken Wells**

Mr. Wells is a reporter for the Miami Herald.

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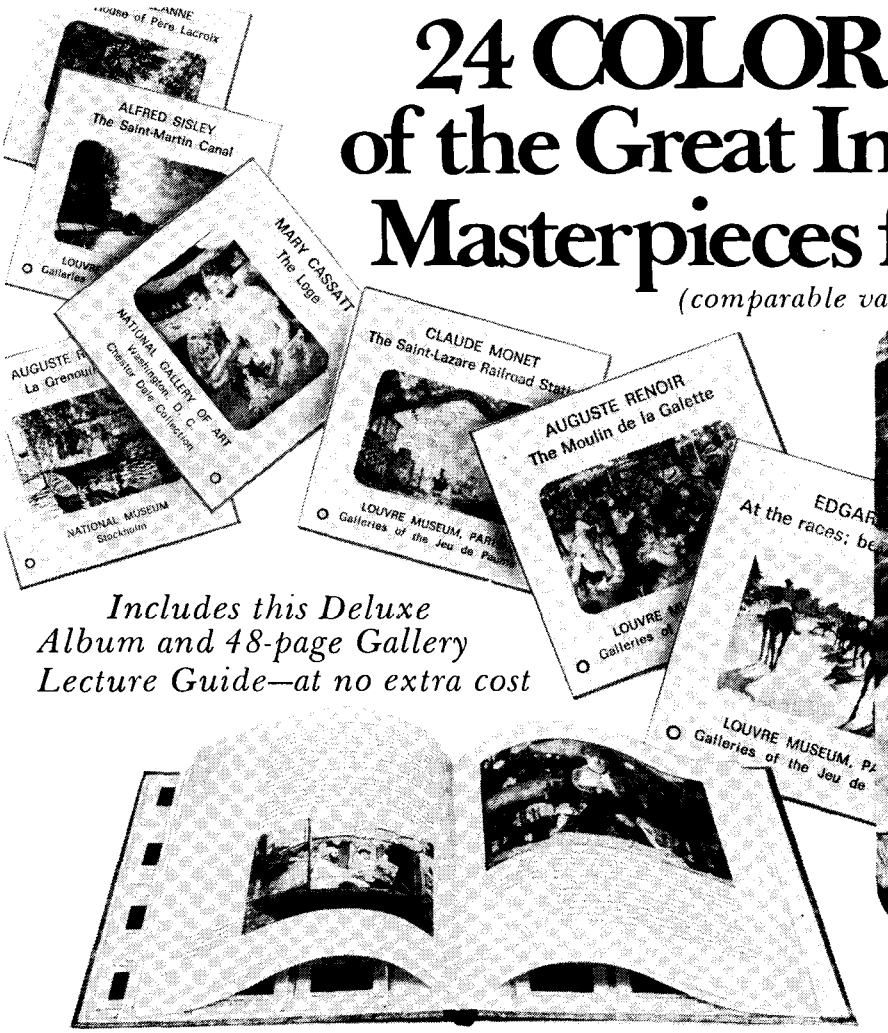

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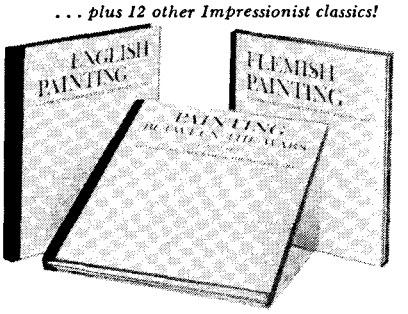

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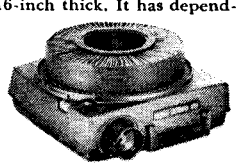

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But they are the rare exceptions. Too often the elderly merely "hang out," perhaps in the shopping center, one of the few places they can easily get to by public transit. They wander, they watch different kinds of people mingling, they browse in the shops—and sometimes they take something.

"They rarely do it out of economic need," said Peter Vallone, counselor at the county criminal justice division's pretrial intervention program. "Seems that a lot are acting out against the establishment. They're lonely. They've lost a mate. So they strike out against society," he said, echoing a similar wisdom about juveniles. Some shoplift to get attention or to keep from being bored. "A lot are on drugs and they're spacey," said Jacob Messina, a planner in the criminal justice division. "Nothing illegal about the drugs, of course. They are medication." Law enforcement officers are sympathetic to the elderly—far more so than they are to juvenile offenders. A few officers are even embarrassed. Yet stores insist on pressing charges because they "lose millions a year on this problem," according to Vallone. Jail sentences are rare, however. "Our facilities are so bad they would die," said Sandra Hunter, supervisor of the county probation department.

The House Select Committee on Aging is one of the most sought-after assignments in Congress.

Arrest is often a blessing in disguise for the elderly because it leads to sessions with a counselor who can become a lifeline. "For the first time in a long while someone is paying attention to them," said Hunter. "One man was stealing five wallets a day. He had a quota. He didn't need the wallets, but he did have a need. One of our volunteers got him involved in building doll houses. He doesn't steal anymore." Sometimes arrest means a call to a distant son or daughter who has failed to heed many plaintive invitations to come down to visit. The arrest becomes a reproach: See what you let happen to your father? And to get an extra bit of attention, one of the counselors has noticed, many are arrested on their birthdays.

In the meantime, the juvenile justice system, which was meant to provide just that sort of support for youngsters, is being abandoned as a failure—largely because of pressure from the elderly.

THE POLITICAL ARENA IS the main battleground in the conflict between the generations. Because the elderly can vote—nationally, 15 percent of those who cast ballots are over 65—they have legislative power, and they use it to further their interests. The House Select Committee on Aging, set up only four years ago, is now one of the largest committees and one of the most sought-after assignments in Congress. It was expanded last year from 32 to 45 members after almost a fourth of the House requested a seat.

The committee is chaired by 79-year-old Claude Pepper, a Democrat from Dade County who has proved to be one of the most successful legislators on the Hill (see box on page 12). Pepper was responsible for the bill that abolished mandatory retirement from federal employment at 70 and raised the age limit from 65 to 70 in private employment. "We've had good luck with other legislation too," he said in an interview, referring to housing and home health-care bills for the elderly.

By contrast, Pepper said, youth-oriented legislation has had a hard time finding support. Recently he fought against a bill that would have made certain expenditures—child care, shelter, and medical costs—nondeductible from income when determining eligibility for food stamps. If passed as written, the bill would have disqualified many families and elderly people. Pepper was able to protect the elderly from the proposed cuts, but not young families.

Further proof that the tide is shifting in favor of the old is the fate of a proposal for a federally funded national child care program. Advocates have all but given up on the bill. Its sponsor, Senator Alan Cranston (D-Calif.), has not scheduled hearings because the political climate is too adverse.

The political power of the elderly is, as one would expect, particularly evident in Florida, where almost a third of the ballots are cast by seniors. In Broward County the figures are even more startling. An aide of Representative Edward Stack, who at 69 is the oldest freshman in the House, estimated that half of the voters who turned out in his district in the fall of 1977 were 65 or over. The state, moreover, has some very determined lobbyists for the elderly. "There are numerous, excellent elderly advocacy groups. They do their homework, and when they address an issue they are well prepared," said Betty Lou Barbieri of the Community Action Agency in Dade County. "Would that I could say that of the advocacy groups for children."

The two most effective lobbying groups are the American Association of Retired Persons, to which nearly half of Florida's retired people belong, and its parent organization, the American Retired Teachers Association, which has put forward proposals that have sometimes sparked the ire of the rest of the population. In one community, residents of a project for the elderly demanded that a traffic light be installed, even though one existed a block away, and the new light would have meant terrible traffic snarls. In Dade County, after a group of senior citizens demanded reduced cab fare for elders, the *Miami Herald* objected in an editorial that such a subsidy "would discriminate against all persons under 65. They could not use the service, regardless of need, yet would have to subsidize the elderly, all of whom would be eligible, also regardless of need."

To be fair, elderly advocacy groups have also been instrumental in passing legislation that benefits society as a whole. Thanks to the elderly lobby, Florida is the first state to require pharmacists to inform customers about less expensive generic alternatives to brand-name prescription drugs. Largely because of the elderly lobbyists, too, the state has revoked a ban on advertising by optometrists, thereby encouraging price competition. It has also outlawed the 99-year recreational lease that forced many condominium buyers to pay gigantic fees for use of pools and gyms.

The best hopes for a happy resolution to the old vs. young conflict lie precisely at the intersection of self-interest and public interest. Advocates of state-subsidized day care, for instance, scored a victory in Florida, although such programs are being cut back in many states. Advocates in the state persuaded legislators that "day care is not a youth issue; it is an economic and labor-related issue," according to Phoebe Carpenter, coordinator of community child care in central Florida. Her group had produced a study which showed that when adequate day care is available, welfare case loads drop by 50 percent and family income rises, thus easing the tax burden for other citizens. By couching the argument in those terms, Carpenter said, "We lost some supporters and won others. We lost do-gooders and won bankers and chambers of commerce. We lost the liberals and won conservatives."

Similar arguments are likely to be made by other advocates for children and youth in the coming years. Instead of talking in terms of children's needs and appealing for sympathy, they will talk of taxpayer benefits. Appeals to a sense of fairness and social justice worked politically in the expansive civil-rights Sixties and ceased to be effective in the "era of limits" decade just ended. But the Eighties could turn out to be a time of synthesis, when self-interest demands the well-being of the entire body social—including both the old and the young.

Rasa Gustaitis is an editor for Pacific News Service. Research for this article was partly financed by the Fund for Investigative Journalism.

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The Health-Care Merry-Go-Round

by George Silver

The health insurance plan offered by Senator Long (left) has the best chance of getting through Congress this session.

FOR ALMOST 60 years now, a political event has unfolded each spring, a ritualized controversy over the value and scope of a national health program. While it is usually billed as "national health insurance," the underlying argument has little to do with health, and only a bit more to do with real insurance.

In the past 20 years, because the Democratic party has adopted national health insurance as a plank in its political platform, the spring ritual has become curiously formalized. The President issues a "health message" around February; White House aides and agency (usually HEW) experts prepare a legislative proposal that goes to the appropriate committee (or committees) in March or April. Then hearings are held, the witnesses for and against heard. The media join the fray with articles, learned discourse on local and national TV, and books. The administration announces the imminence of a legislative health program; Congress denounces the proposal and offers its own alternatives. In fact, a particularly novel aspect of this seasonal rite has been the lush proliferation of congressional counter-proposals, making the health insurance field look more like a war of all against all than an intra-party squabble. The rapid and uncontrollable escalation of the costs of medical care has convinced everyone that some sort of bill should be passed; but the profusion of bills has made consensus even harder to reach. Thus, after a great deal of noise about the need for sweeping reform, one bill cancels out another, and, in the end, only a small, tentative step is taken. And the 1978-80 congressional term looks like a textbook case of the usual formula.

While the ritual has remained more or less the same, the substance of the debate has grown ever more complicated. Seventy years ago national health insurance meant little more than being able to pay a doctor for care. Today we have solved the basic problems of acute and epidemic disease, infant mortality, and the like—except for minority groups and the poor—and we are more concerned with a *program* of care, a guarantee of *systematic* care. We have learned that our piecemeal system doesn't work, doesn't help the people it was presumably targeted for—the needy—and works against the others because it inflates and distorts, and deprives everyone when it doesn't work for the targeted population.

With this new element added, nobody can agree on exactly what national health care means. The variety of proposals is staggering and self-defeating. Once the principal obstacles to national health insurance were such antagonists as physicians, entrepreneurs in pharmacy manufacture or equipment, industry and insurance companies; now there is a plethora of protagonists with such conflicting proposals that the result is the same as if they were antagonists too. There are public and private insurance advocates; professional anti-professionals recommending "health" insurance (as against medical-care insurance) with emphasis on preventive services, lifestyle change, and self-help; syndicalists with a platform of worker-management control; populists with a platform of community control.

The academic world has not been idle either, and there are contrasting economic recipes: tax revenue funding as against employer-employee funding; co-insurance and co-payment advocates as against those who argue for no payment at the time of service; and the anti-insurance cohorts who recommend a heavy personal financial commitment by the patient before *any* government support in order to check the heedless and prodigal use of, and demand for, medical services. Political scientists argue the benefits of a regulatory approach or a public utilities model, while management experts (the new mandarins) propose complex, computerized schemes for controls that would limit costs, adjust distribution, and assure quality.

Congress watchers point to the American Medical Association's multimillion-dollar political contributions and Washington "information office" as the chief villain and architect of the anti-national health program campaign. Certainly political contributions play an important role and have a strong impact on legislators and legislation. But it would be a mistake to give this factor too important a role in frustrating the legislative possibilities over the years. That block has been effective in over 10 administrations. Can the AMA be held solely and totally accountable? On the U.S. political scene representative government requires shifting minority allegiances to establish the consensus that is the majority

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position by reciprocal trade-offs: Lesser issues buy votes on larger issues. Health insurance just may not represent a big enough issue for most congressmen to stake out a major position on the agenda.

In any case, it's not the AMA that's responsible for the bewildering variety of health bills now facing Congress; it would rather that none be promoted. Personal experience may shed some light on a more deserving culprit. From 1965 to 1968 I served as the deputy assistant secretary for Health. My boss was the first assistant secretary ever appointed to that job. Another first was the assistant secretary for planning and evaluation, brought over from the Department of Defense to introduce managerial skills and planning expertise into the hodgepodge of the HEW bureaucracy. Planning had one deputy also, for health program evaluation. All in all, there were about a dozen health professionals charged with the responsibility for developing programs agreed upon by the secretary of HEW and proposed by the President. There were also one or two assistants in the White House with such interest. At HEW, we occupied a few rooms on one side of the fifth floor of the old HEW building at Fourth and Constitution.

Congress was similarly endowed: The House and Senate each had one health staff member attached to the relevant committee. Wilbur Mills, then chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, had a knowledgeable staff man, too, but he liked to keep a strong grip on health financing matters himself.

Today, nearly 250 people are preoccupied with the ramifications of health program development and health planning and evaluation in HEW. There is a huge new building down the street on Independence Avenue to house them. There are over 100 professional staff people in six congressional committees to deal with health legislation. Each congressman on a committee that touches health matters has a specialized staff assistant for health.

In the 1960s the dozen of us managed to get more than 40 health bills through the Congress: powerful instruments like Medicare, Medicaid, and a health manpower development act. Today's hosts have had to postpone even housekeeping measures like salary appropriations from one session to the next because they couldn't muster a majority vote on any health issue.

The problems of bureaucratic overkill and legislative free-for-all are not, of course, confined to health care; most social programs suffer from the same confused welter. The same may be said for the general American resistance to radical reform of any kind. Our taste for "creeping incrementalism" has led to a passion for tinkering and crude adjustment; whether in health care, the tax code, or welfare reform, reconstruction and systematic change have been neglected and delayed, so that social change proceeds at a snail's pace.

THE PRESENT congressional season features an apparent showdown in health-care legislation: Both President Carter and his nemesis, Senator Kennedy, have submitted major health-care bills. But the likelihood is that the prize will elude both. The best we can probably look forward to in this session of the Congress is Senator Russell Long's Catastrophic Health Insurance Protection Bill, possibly to be known as the National Health Insurance Act, even though it will not be, in scope or coverage, what the national health insurance struggle is about.

Kennedy's ambitious health care bill provides free medical care to everyone.

The Kennedy bill provides for everyone in the U. S. to have a credit card entitling him or her to medical care in the home, doctor's office, or hospital without added charge; old people would have their prescribed medicines paid for as well. There is no limit on use (except for psychiatric services) and preventive services are paid for. Funds will come from some employee contributions, larger employer contributions, tax funds for the poor, and contributions from the elderly (who will pay a part themselves as they do today under Medicare). The self-employed will pay, if they choose, a special health insurance premium geared to their income. The monies will go to privately controlled insurance funds, which will dole them out and monitor their use; the program will be planned and supervised by a variety of groups at the local, state, and national levels. There is a special fund set aside to develop and allocate resources (and redistribute them where necessary). And there is a ceiling, unfixed as yet, on expenditures. All this is to become operative in 1983.

The Carter plan is not so ambitious. It puts a ceiling on the total any person would have to spend for health care ("catastrophic" health insurance coverage); prescribes free care for pregnant women and infants under one year of age; recommends fee schedules for private health insurance for which the employer will pay at least three-quarters of the premium; and draws up fee schedules for public medical care to which doctors must adhere. Probably the largest jump in governmental responsibility is in federalizing medical care for the poor. Where now the states set income levels for Medicaid, the new law would set a new federal poverty level and immediately raise by more than 50 percent the number eligible. The Carter plan envisions phasing in of its objectives: After phase one has been implemented, there will be a review of the whole and consideration of what additional steps might be taken next.

Senator Kennedy's proposal, despite its grand intentions, is seriously defective. The surrender to the private insurance industry is curious, for Senator Kennedy has been the principal antagonist of the industry and has criticized it for stoking inflation in collaboration with health-care providers. While a ceiling on expenditures is proposed, and physician income may well be curtailed in this way, *non-physician* income is untouched. Since 60 percent of hospital costs are personnel costs and hospital costs are 40 percent of overall medical-care expenditures, there is a large loophole for sharply rising costs to escape the ceiling. What measures will be taken if institutions exceed budget? Will they file for bankruptcy? More serious is the vast increase in personnel proposed, layered on top of an existing regulatory bureaucracy. By now we must have learned that large bureaucracies cannot provide human services with efficiency.

President Carter's plan has highly visible flaws and no appeal to the articulate constituencies (like labor) that seek national health insurance legislation which will benefit *them,* immediately. It is *targeted* for specific groups, a shibboleth of his economic advisors, and offers little universal benefit. The failures of implementation of existing reform legislation bode ill for that part of the effort. It prescribes a reliance on unsupervised private insurance far greater than does Senator Kennedy's proposal. The whole effort is more pious and prayerful than useful. Costs would continue to mount, most of the poorly served would remain so, specialism would increase, and enrichment of the medical profession would continue to be guaranteed. No ceiling on expenditures means no ceiling on costs or income.

Sadly enough, in extending the Medicaid principle and reinforcing it, the Carter plan continues the "two-tier" sys-

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tem of medical care that has been the curse of the present system: poor medical care for poor people, better medical care for the better off.

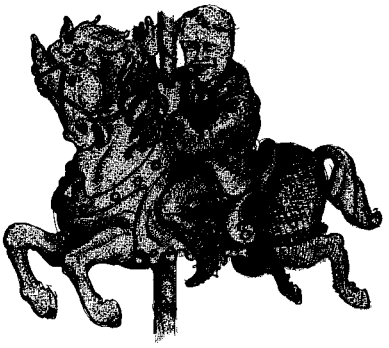
Senator Long's plan, the leading contender for passage in this Congress, if any bill is to pass, is relatively simple and ineffectual in altering the circumstances that contribute to present dissatisfactions. It will most certainly augment inflation. The plan advocates a catastrophic protection clause: After a family spends $2,000, government insurance would pay the remainder of any medical bills that year. It encourages hospital care and offers incentives to doctors and hospitals to raise fees ("get over that barrier" of $2,000 as quickly as possible to make the family eligible). President Carter's endorsement of this proposal as part of his phase one is equally inflationary.

But if history is our guide, Long's plan has the inside track. First of all, it will change nothing, a considerable advantage. Second, national legislation usually waits for state models to provide guidelines as well as to test the water of public acceptance. The states serve as "laboratories" for national experimentation, to use Brandeis's phrase. We have had state experiments in the health field before passage of other national health legislation; and in the past five years we have had state catastrophic health insurance laws (Rhode Island and Hawaii, for example). But we have never had a state compulsory health insurance law, despite some efforts on occasion in California, New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, and Pennsylvania. The generally successful experience with state catastrophic health insurance laws makes the probability of Long's plan becoming law more likely.

Political wisdom might dictate to Senator Kennedy (or Governor Brown, and other potential presidential candidates practicing in the bullpen) a powerful effort to obtain a model state program of compulsory health care. Who controls the politics of Massachusetts anyway?

TODAY'S PROPOSALS for national health insurance offer little cause for optimism that real change will take place in the system. The one thing that none of the plans promise—neither Carter's nor Kennedy's nor Long's—is equity. A concern with equity makes us ask the question: Do we want the poor and minorities to have the same medical care as the rich and the white? Do we want a health-care system that says that we are all entitled to care, as we need it, when we need it? Or one that says, if we can find it, or get it, an insurance company will pay for it?

It may be that, given the alignment of forces, this is the time to suggest a state health insurance program that undertakes radical reform, but in a smaller arena, say child health care, to test the feasibility, cost, and organizational considerations. We should seek equal access and high-quality cost control in this smaller arena by cooperative effort in which the federal government waives rigid regulations for the use of federal funds and the states incorporate these sums into a statewide health service financial budget. Applying such a program to child health care would naturally include an emphasis on preventive services, which are especially cheap for children: The most comprehensive program, instituted in Holland, costs roughly 9¢ per child per day. Since the Dutch standard of living and wage scale aren't too different from ours, it's likely that such a preventive system will cost no more here.



Carter's plan has visible flaws and is more pious and prayerful than useful.

If such a program worked for children, the lessons ultimately could be applied to adults and to the nation as a whole. There is already fairly widespread acceptance of the rough outline of an effective and economical national system. It will be prepaid; that is, people will pay little or nothing at the time of care to overcome costly and cumbersome bookkeeping, financial barriers to prompt use of services, and the quirky variations in charges that make budgeting impossible. Doctors will be part of a group organization, making all kinds of specialized care readily available to patients. The doctors will be salaried, eliminating the competitive aspects of present practice that encourage overuse of technology and referrals.

Primary care will be a team process, with family doctors and nurse practitioners or medical assistants liberally distributed in small clusters throughout the neighborhoods of the communities for easy access by patients. The teams will be part of groups, which in turn will be part of hospital units serving designated populations. Very complicated, delicate, and expensive hospital procedures will be restricted to a few regional hospitals, and effective transport and emergency vehicles will tie this network of care together.

From an organizational standpoint, regional commissions, possibly elected units like regional school boards, will deal with budgets, distributional problems, and manpower. Local committees, also possibly elected, will serve as channels of communication between the patients and the professionals: Grievances can be mediated this way, and local supervision can provide information on the operation of the groups and teams.

The entire program will be highly localized in order to keep huge bureaucracies from developing and becoming the self-serving megastructures that are the bane of modern life. If the regional commissions actually carry out their supervisory functions, this allocation of funds to local communities to plan imaginative and locally satisfactory approaches to medical care will ensure a useful national health program.

It will follow that while the monies for the service will be in the hands of local boards for disbursement, the source of the funds still will have to be federal and state taxes. The actual way in which the tax structure will have to be changed to accommodate a valid national health-care system remains unclear.

It's easy for someone outside the system to spin out an ideal plan, particularly if that someone won't have to take the responsibility for what happens if it should become operative. Nonetheless, the political possibilities are there and the potential examples abound. Ten million Americans belong to prepaid group practice systems. There are school systems with comprehensive preventive programs for children. Nearly 30 percent of the doctors in the United States are on salary now. Many neighborhood hospitals, like neighborhood schools, serve the local population exclusively. What is missing is a national commitment, national standards, assent to equity.

The agonizing over a national health program is only another example of the struggle Americans have had in this century to come to terms with the contradictions of their political heritage: individual responsibility and freedom to succeed and achieve, and to fail and suffer, on the one hand; on the other, government responsibility for the good and welfare of all. Our political tradition is cautious, too, not wanting to take too big a bite at one time. It makes sense to try the new remedy in a few states before you prescribe it for 215 million people. But you must try it, then, or be reconciled never to have a remedy at all!

Dr. Silver is a professor of public health at the Yale School of Medicine. His most recent book is Child Health: America's Future.

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THE CITY AS LIVING MUSEUM

Indoor museums in warmed and well-lit halls are one thing. But even more compelling are cities that because of circumstance are in themselves museums. Here art, history, and culture born of some other time stand as living exhibits. Ancient private houses, civic structures, artful bridges, statuary, and plazas are part of a never-closing exposition and functional pieces of a metropolis. They may exist as far apart, as, say, Venice and Cartagena, two of the models which, among other brilliant examples, are explored in the section that begins below.

BRUGES

Gallery Without a Roof

by Horace Sutton

IN LILAC TIME the lavender boughs nod over the canals in Bruges, wafting perfumed breezes through the open French windows of the Duc de Bourgogne Hotel. The cones of chestnut blossoms stand like ceremonial white candles in the great green candelabra of their trees. Ducks, in the seasonal finery of iridescent green neck feathers, glide along the waters under the old houses of brick and wood decorated for spring with geranium-filled window boxes hung under leaded windows. At night a swan sails in the amber glow of the floodlights as if cued by the music eddying from Mozart House, a cafe on the square.

The room is small, but the scene is immense, and it becomes difficult to tear away from the sill and descend to the front door on the little square to meet one's friends for dinner. Spires and towers rise everywhere in the gloaming. Saplings grow out of the brick, the roots nourished by canal water. Cafe tables are set at the wharf's edge. The stepped gables of the ancient houses are etched in sharp, square angles against the darkening indigo of the evening sky.

We leave it to go inside to dine in a salon where the seats are tasseled, brass chandeliers are suspended from the fancy of a painted ceiling, and carved wooden lamps encased in gilt provide the light for the serving table.

Dinner in these surroundings is a microcosm of the splendor and wealth of this Belgian city, this onetime international center of Flanders that swelled to opulent renown in the 13th century. Though Bruges eventually lost its commercial eminence, circumstance and fortune helped to preserve it as a stunning relic. Later it was to be a lively city again, its trade once more resumed, though on a limited scale, and a program established to restore the 2,000 historical buildings in which its citizens live and work. Of all of Europe's cities, Bruges is medievalism incarnate.

Its beginnings lay in geologic circumstance. In the 5th century a tremor rattled the earth creating the Zwin, an inlet from the North Sea. Some four centuries later, the Vikings, whether traders, pirates, or tourists (as they are now), descended from their northern reaches, penetrating the Zwin as far as it was navigable. There they built a *bryggja*, as it was called in the Scandinavian spelling of the time, a wooden quay. Unsure of the motives of the Vikings, the first Count of Flanders, Badouin of the Iron Arm, built a castle there so he could watch his Scandinavian visitors.

In less than 100 years Bryggja, which was to be called Bruggia, Brugga, Brugges, Brucghe, and Brugghe (and today is called Brugge by the Flemish, Brügge by Scandinavians, Hungarians, and Germans, and Bruges by the Americans and most of the rest of Europe, except the Esperantists who insist on Brûgo), had become a great trading center of Europe, a northern metropolis halfway between the Baltic and Italy.

By 1089 it was the administrative capital of the counts of Flanders; by the 1340s it had a population of 35,000, enormous for the times. Bruges merchants were bringing goods from the Baltic, carrying wine from the southern slopes of Italy. Furs came from Novgorod, metal from Poland, fruits from Egypt and Spain. An outer port was built at Damme where 1,700 ships could be tied up at a time, the goods transshipped by barge to be unloaded and piled at the foot of the Belfry.

Brugeois housewives, to this day, pay a Saturday morning visit to the Markt that was established by Count Badouin III in 958. Above the merchants' halls looms the 260-foot-high Belfry, which commands the square and the city as well, its carillon concerts tinkling across town every Monday and Wednesday evening, mid-June to mid-September. A climb up the 366 steps to the tower's top will reward the adventurous with a splendid view and a racing heart. In the distance is the sea, which made Bruges, for however temporal a time, one of the world's great cities.

To ensure active trading, the Brugeois attracted commerce by organizing commercial fairs. The first was held in 958, exactly 1,000 years before the World's Fair was to open in Brussels. Ships of

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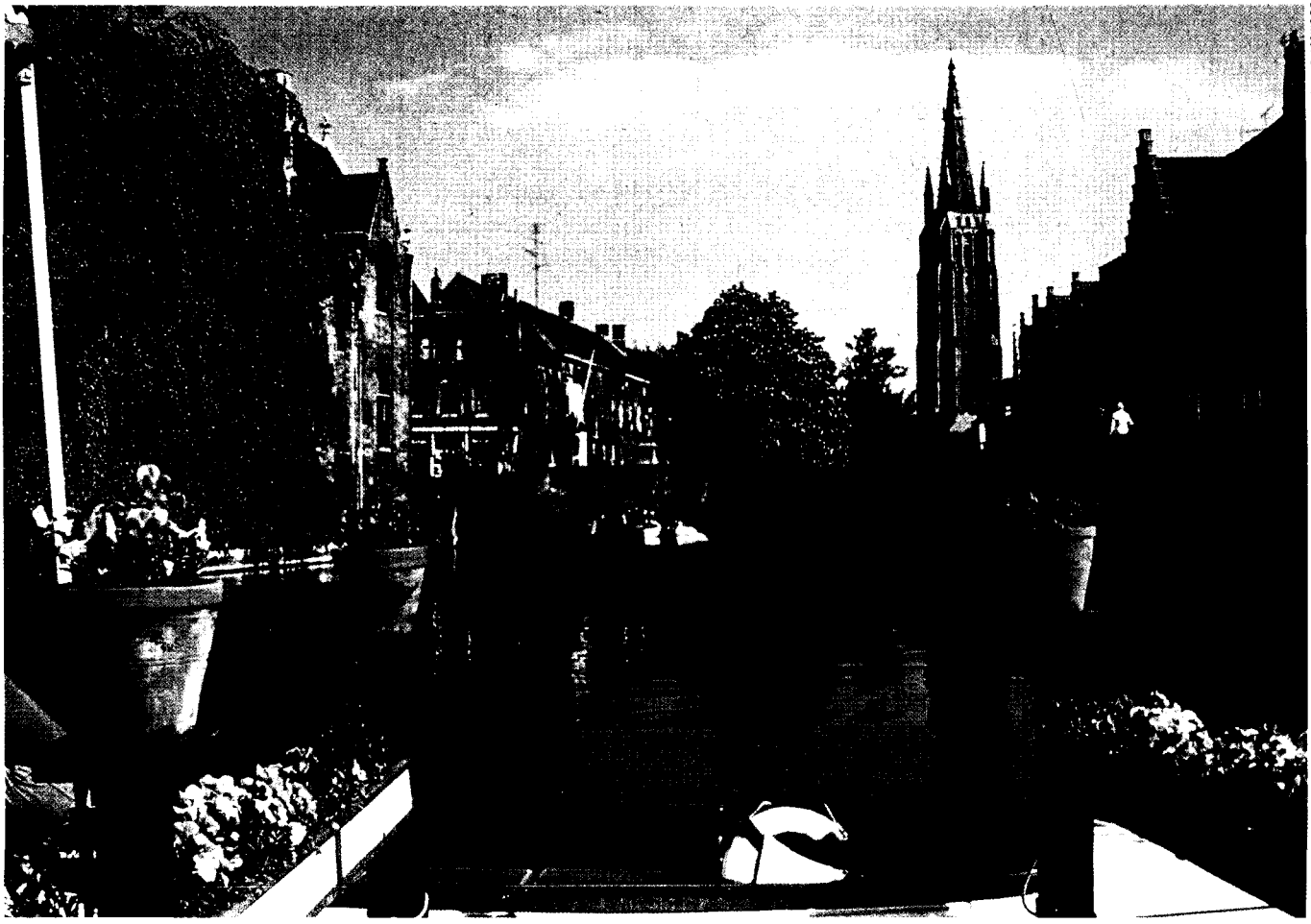

COURTESY OF THE BELGIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

Canalside bistro in Bruges—Of all of Europe's cities, it stands as medievalism incarnate. Spires and towers rise everywhere.

Genoa and Venice found their way north. Seventeen nations stored their goods in the city's warehouses, and consuls from 20 governments lived here.

And then the earth, fickle and unpredictable, which had created the Zwin and had been the making of Bruges, turned again. The Zwin silted up in the 15th century, and the outer harbor had to be moved to Sluis, farther downstream. By then Antwerp had emerged as a rival. It greeted the merchants of England, who were as quick to follow commercial advantage as were the Italians and Germans.

Antwerp's champion was Archduke Maximilian of Austria, and when he granted it commercial favors hitherto bestowed upon Bruges, the Brugeois answered forcibly: They took him prisoner. When he was released Maximilian found his revenge, persuading foreign merchants and bankers to leave Bruges for Antwerp.

Added to that was the diversion created by the explorers—Magellan, Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Henry the Navigator—who opened new worlds and new trade routes. It is a favorite speculation to wonder—had the Zwin not silted up—whether Bruges would have become a bustling commercial center rather than a living museum.

To see it in its most romantic aspect is to take a boat and sail the canals under the zinnia pots that decorate the ancient houses, past some of the 600 madonna shrines placed at street corners, under the humpback bridge of the Gruuthuse, alongside the lime trees that edge the banks, and the leaning willow near the Lake of Love where swans like to nest.

Bruges cares for swans by civic edict handed down in 1488 after the city had rebelled against its duke, exercising its pique by decapitating his counselor, Pieter Langhals, a name which means "long neck." And so the Brugeois repent into eternity, caring for long-necked swans.

Four of the original seven city gates remain, as do three of the original 27 windmills. Houses of the 13th and 14th centuries remain. On the Vlamingstraat, the House of the Genoese Merchants, rebuilt in 1720, stands at number 33. Bruges traces the stock market to *bourse,* a corruption of the family Van der Buerse whose house, first built in 1257, is at number 35.

Commerce brought Bruges political power—the dukes of Burgundy held their court here in the 15th century—and both the nobles and the *commerçants* patronized the arts. Hans Memling, the German-born artist, a pillar of the Primitive Flemish school, painted *The Last Judgment* because a representative of the Medici family in Bruges commissioned it.

Memling's own museum in the one-time Hospital of St. John is one of half a dozen, including Notre Dame, with its 396-foot brick tower, a church that is a museum in itself. Michelangelo's *Virgin and Child,* sculpted at the behest of Flemish merchants, is a masterpiece of Notre Dame's church art and may be the only such sculpture outside Italy.

A Sound and Light spectacle is performed in summers at the Palace of Gruuthuse, built for Louis of Bruges in the 15th century. And in even numbered years—of which this is one—scenes of city history are enacted on the illuminated canals.

Far down on the Lake of Love, past the Place de la Vigne, an old bridge leads to the gate of the Beguinage. Here in this sanctuary, founded in 1225 by Jeanne of Constantinople, Countess of Flanders, women whose husbands had left for the Crusades huddled together for mutual security. Now it is a convent for Benedictine nuns, and when the bell of the church tolls, the sisters in their outsized, starched white coifs scurry along the paths under the dark trees, themselves walking museum pieces left from some other time. ◉

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My Jerusalem

by Moshe Dayan

WHEN THE Bible was written Jerusalem was already there. We know the story of life from the Bible, but Jerusalem is a very ancient city. It was there when nomads like Abraham and the Canaanites came. When we see it now we must imagine it as a uninhabited wooded hilltop.

It is my personal interpretation that Jerusalem was built there because it is the highest place on the ridge that runs along the West Bank. It is the highest peak in a chain of hills from Beersheeba in the Negev Desert up to Nablus and the Valley of Izreel in the north.

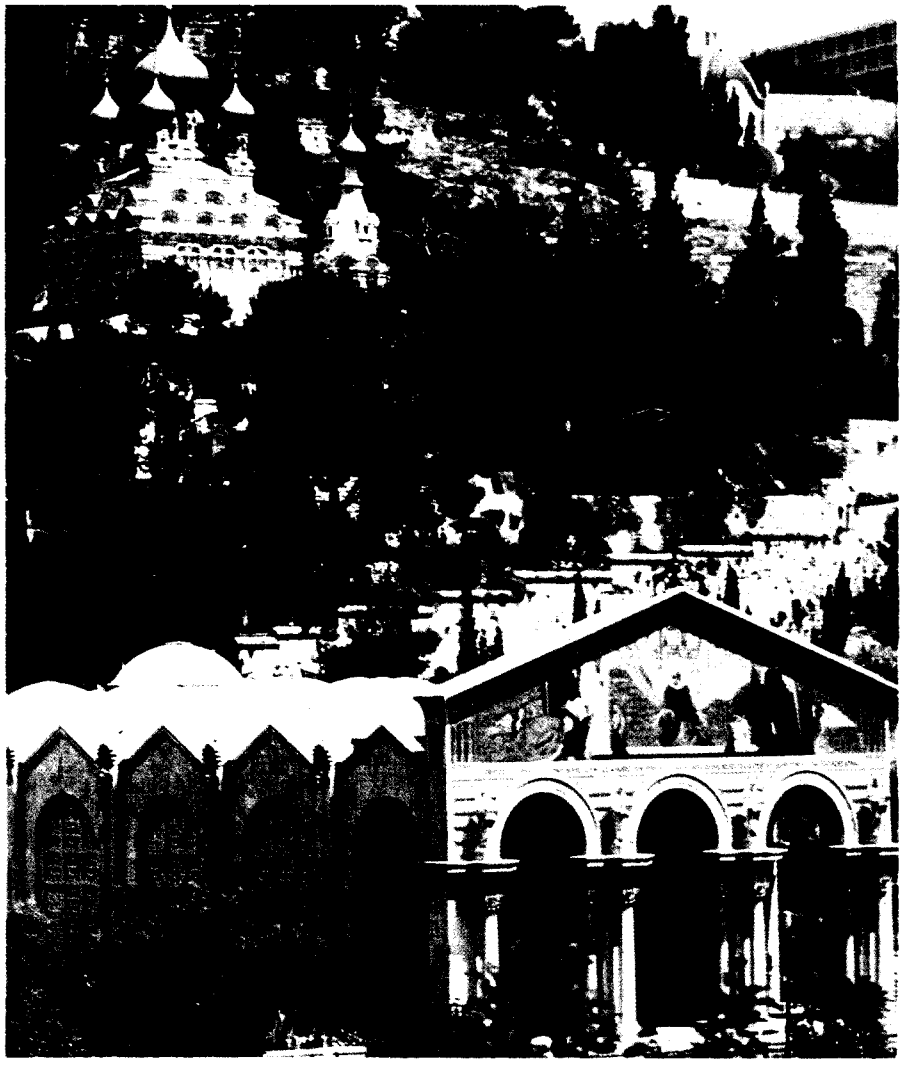
From here one can see westward as far as the Mediterranean, eastward as far as the Dead Sea and the Mountains of Moab across the Jordan River, south across the desert around Beersheeba.

The site is impressive and it was a good place to defend. If the heights were under siege, water could still be gotten from hidden springs reached by tunnels. Enemies from the Jordan Valley had to march uphill. So did the Philistines and others from the Mediterranean.

Because of its majestic location these heights became a holy place. An altar was built there 4,000 years ago, and when people of that time felt required to make a sacrificial offering, they went to the top of the hill. And so it became not only a fortress, but a holy place where the people could practice their rituals and examine the workings of God.

Anyone who comes to the city for the first time should understand why it is located where it is. One should begin by going outside the city to the top of one of the hills—Mount Scopus or Government House on the road to Bethlehem, or Turmalka on the way to Jericho. Then the city can be seen in its entirety—the width of the walls surrounding it, the Moslem mosques with their gleaming golden domes, the towers and the steeples. You don't have to close your eyes when viewing it to imagine you are living 2,000 or 3,000 years ago.

When I go into the old city of Jerusalem I am almost dizzy with emotion because I am walking on ground where my Jewish ancestors walked almost 3,000 years ago. If you know and love the Bible or the New Testament you cannot really separate your inner feelings, the story you learned, and the surroundings in which you find yourself. Walk along the Via Dolorosa and you must recollect that this is where Jesus Christ walked when he carried his cross to Calvary. Walk into the dark, narrow streets, through the crowded bazaars, and you will smell the aroma of Turkish coffee, the scent of freshly baked bread. Walking over the cobbles you will see the Arabs in their long robes and cloth headdresses looking as, I imagine, they might have looked in biblical times.



COURTESY OF THE ISRAEL TOURISM OFFICE

Basilica of the Agony—"When I go into the old city I am almost dizzy with emotion."

My favorite walks are the streets leading into the city from the Zion Gate and especially from the Jaffa Gate, where there is a road going down through a covered bazaar toward the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. For a Christian, of course, that church would be the central attraction in the city. A Jew or Moslem might continue down the hill on that same road—with a few zigs and zags—to the Western Wall and the entrance to the Haram al-Sharif.

The Western Wall, which some people call the Wailing Wall, was part of the wall of the Second Temple. No one knows exactly where the Jewish temple was built at the time. But we call the high ground there the Har-Ha' Bayit, the old name for Mountain of the Temple. It is impossible to claim that the existing Arab shrines stand right on the foundation of the destroyed temple. The excavations done during recent years were not conclusive. We were very sensitive about getting too close to the Islamic shrines.

The Romans destroyed the temple but they let the Jews pray at the wall, and thousands upon thousands of us are still doing so today. Speaking for myself, anything built after the biblical time is not

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"old." The Wailing Wall is a good example. A piece is left from the time of the Second Temple, but otherwise the wall is not that old. It was built during the Ottoman Empire. If you really want to get to the old pieces, then you have to descend into the excavation under the present Wailing Wall. There you can see the arches of some kind of bridge that connected the city, which was on one side, with the temple. People walked over the valley that was in between. Unless you see that, you really can't understand the way in which Jerusalem was built or the significance of the descriptions of the city in the Bible.

Not many people realize that the Western Wall, one of the most revered places in Judaism, is also the outside wall of the Haram al-Sharif, which is the third most holy place in the Islamic world. Every year hundreds of thousands of devout Moslems come to the Haram al-Sharif to pray at the al-Aqsa Mosque and the Dome of the Rock, where they believe the Prophet Muhammad lay down and dreamed of a trip to heaven. But there is no contradiction. What the Jews are really venerating is the wall, and the wall doesn't mean anything to the Moslems. They are interested in the two shrines inside, and they have never had any objections to the Jews making the Western Wall into their holy shrine.

Just to the south of the Western Wall are the steps that were recently discovered during the excavations conducted by Professor Mazar. Archaeologists who had been digging for years were greatly surprised to find such wide steps. They are so broad that hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of people could have gone into the temple on special days to bring their offerings or pray. The steps are certainly impressive but there is also the eastern part of this area, which one sees on the way to Jericho, that contains the Shaar Harachamim, or the Gate of Mercy. The gate has caused some problems in terms of excavation. All archaeologists have been intrigued by this area, but they have been unable to dig there because of a cemetery on the site. Right after the 1967 war we wanted very much to open this gate. According to Jewish tradition, that gate should only be opened in the event of the coming of the Messiah, but we could have ignored that tradition.

Jerusalem is unique in that it is a center of worship for all three of the great monotheistic religions of the world, for nearly everybody who believes there is only one God, whether He is named God or Allah or Elohim.

Former Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan is also an archaeologist. His most recent work was Living With the Bible *(William Morrow).*

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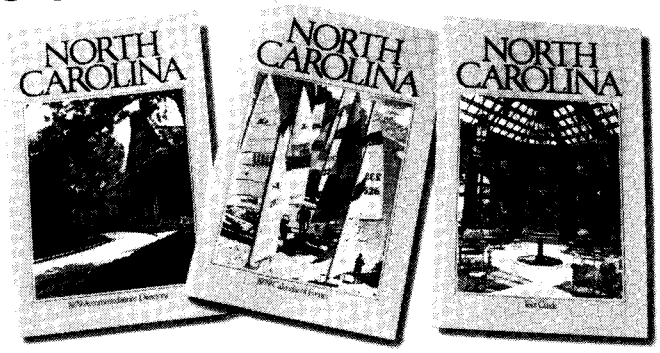

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A Spanish Treasure Chest

by Patricia Brooks

Plaza de los Platerias—"Pinnacle of artistic, aesthetic, and religious achievement."

TO MOST EUROPEANS, the road to Santiago de Compostela—or *camino de Santiago*—is as familiar as the Appian Way. For centuries religious pilgrims made the hazardous 900-mile trek by foot or horseback all the way from Paris, through the Pyrenees, across Spain's northern tier to Santiago. From the 9th through the 15th century, sometimes as many as half a million pilgrims a year traveled to Santiago for the special blessings this lengthy, often dangerous, journey assured. Along with Jerusalem and Rome, Santiago was the major destination of medieval Christian pilgrims, comparable to an Islamic visit to Mecca.

What made Santiago such a magnet was the shrine of St. James. (In Old Spanish, Santiago is San Iago, which translates into St. James.) No one knows for sure how the tomb of Jesus' disciple ended up in the remote northwest corner of Spain, but it was discovered here in the 9th century.

Before long, miracles were attributed to the saint, an early Christian martyr. James became Spain's patron, and his shrine soon attracted devoted visitors from all over Europe. The church built to honor the saint's tomb gave way to a cathedral, which grew larger and grander with each succeeding century. As the cathedral expanded, so did the town, developing into a prosperous city of magnificent churches, palaces, monasteries, convents, private mansions, and public buildings. Santiago shone as the pinnacle of artistic and religious achievement.

Santiago still shines. Its medieval grandeur—so marvelously intact and so concentrated, as though encased in amber—appeals to today's more secular tourist. The central core of Santiago was—and still is—the monumental Plaza del Obradoiro, sometimes called Plaza de España or main square, in front of the enormous cathedral.

Though an expressway rims the distant edge of the city and modern housing extends beyond, the rabbit warren of labyrinthine passages, tucked-away corners, and arcaded streets that was the main city remains. To arrive in Santiago is to take a step back in time.

Santiago's scallops—"Jamesian legend."

The transition from present to past is more abrupt if you arrive the easy way—via a 55-minute flight from Madrid. The airport is just a 10-minute ride from town. But as your taxi wiggles through the narrow, cobbled lanes, then suddenly turns into the main square, the century-shock is dramatic.

Coming by road is infinitely more interesting—though long and tiring. Distances on the map don't begin to convey the time required to wind around hairpin curves and the precipitous mountain passes, especially on the last lap of the passage, from Leon to Santiago. But if you have time to spare, the ancient *camino de Santiago* is an adventure in itself, and it puts you in synch with Santiago. The route passes alternately through seemingly untouched mountain villages—dotted with early Romanesque churches and an occasional castle outpost—and verdant pastoral vistas of bereted shepherds and ribbons of wooly, wobbly sheep amid the emerald hillsides. By the time you eventually see the cathedral spires of Santiago, you will experience a kinship with the pilgrims of

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the Middle Ages, who broke into shouts of "Mon Joie! Mon Joie!" on seeing it.

The Hostal of Reyes Catolicos, the city's only five-star hotel, on the main square, perpendicular to the cathedral, was built by Ferdinand and Isabella, their Catholic Majesties, in 1511. It was meant to serve as an inn, a refuge, and a hospital for the streams of arriving pilgrims. It gradually evolved into a full-time Royal Hospital, but in 1954 was converted into a deluxe hotel. Except for 20th-century conveniences, it looks much as it may have to early guests. The four Gothic inner courtyards, the stone-embroidered entrance, the Gothic arches over each guest-room door, and the ornate chapel remain intact.

A small room called the *Observatorio de Agonizados,* that looked out over the chapel, was used by dying or contagious patients to hear Mass in isolation. When Andres Segovia began visiting Santiago, he blocked the look-out with a mattress and turned the room into a practice chamber. The mattress remains.

Walking is really the only way to savor all the details that make Santiago a museum city. Afoot you'll be able to notice the stone fruits carved along the facade of the Casa de la Parra, up the steps from the rear of the cathedral, and the eerie faces adorning the fountain in the Plaza de Fonseca.

Any visit to Santiago begins in the main square at the entrance to the Cathedral of St. James. The vast expanse of detailed Renaissance and Baroque carving and the towering twin spires not only impress, they overwhelm. Even the flecks of saffron-tinted lichen on the stone give a patina of venerability.

Once inside the main entrance the mood changes. The arches of the *Portico de la Gloria* add another, simpler, more direct dimension. The finely chiseled figures on the columns—the work of a master sculptor, Mateo—were completed in the 20 years between 1168 and 1188, a testament to the purity of Romanesque art. With typical period playfulness, Mateo carved for posterity his own self-portrait on the side of the column that faces the main altar.

Studying and examining the many cathedral treasures could take days. But even in a short visit, you can digest quite a lot. Believers head first for the main altar and the passageway behind it that leads to the back of St. James's gigantic golden statue, which pilgrims traditionally embrace from behind. His silver casket lies in the crypt below. And in the museum, up a side stairway beyond the cloister, you can see the 12 colored tapestries designed by Goya, along with others by Rubens and David Teniers. A pair of binoculars comes in handy for noting details too high to see.

The Archbishop's Palace, next door to the cathedral, seems almost to melt into it. It was built by Diego Gelmirez, the colorful and controversial archbishop of the time, who was to Santiago what Lorenzo the Magnificent was to Florence—patron of the arts, enlarger of cathedrals, creator of many of the city's major monuments.

Despite its myriad treasures, the city is not a dead, pinned butterfly to be inspected under glass. Some 17,000 students are enrolled at the University of Santiago, and their spirited presence throughout the old city gives it a 20th-century vitality.

The city seems most alive at mealtime, at lunch, from 1:30 to 4 PM, then again after 8, when shops, offices, and schools finally close for the day. Galician food is robust, with a heavy emphasis on *fruits de mer*. One of the more famous Jamesian legends concerns his appearance fresh from the sea, draped in scallop shells. This gave rise to the scallop syndrome. Scallop shells are everywhere, in the form of silver ashtrays, charms, and pins. But most of all and best of all, you'll find them on restaurant menus, served simply with their roe, a single fat sea scallop resting on its shell, broiled with bits of tomatoes, onions, and bread crumbs. As the city's main symbol, such a dish is premium-priced—from $5 to $10 for a single crustacean on its solitary shell. (In other times, you could identify a pilgrim by the scallop shells pinned to his cape.)

I cherish visits to the Santiagan convents to buy their special sweets. At San Pelayo one rings the bell and asks for *almendrados*, paper-thin almond-flavored cookies neatly boxed by the dozen, to be unwrapped later and nibbled while sipping strong coffee at a nearby cafe.

Santiago is at its most splendid July 25—the feast of St. James—when fireworks, processions, the swinging of the huge silver censer (called *botafumeiro*, or smoke-thrower), brass bands, and the nocturnal illumination of the cathedral set the town on festive edge. Each year in which St. James's feast falls on a Sunday has been proclaimed a Holy Year. The next one is 1982, and there are already plans for pageants and fireworks.

But while such celebrations are exciting, they're not really essential in this city that is so rich in wonders.

At day's end, I take one last walk—across the main thoroughfare at the edge of town to the peaceful gardens of Paseo de la Herradura. From there, in the late afternoon sun, I can survey the entire city's profile: the terra-cotta roof tops, the golden stone and embellished architecture, and above all, the majestic towers of the cathedral, more than enough to send one's spirits soaring.

Patricia Brooks writes frequently on travel for Saturday Review.

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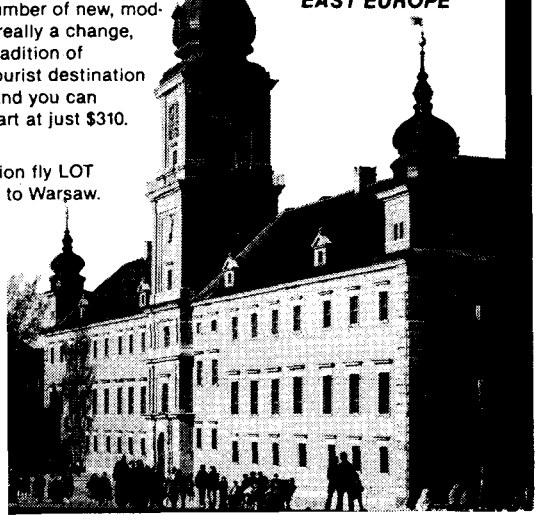

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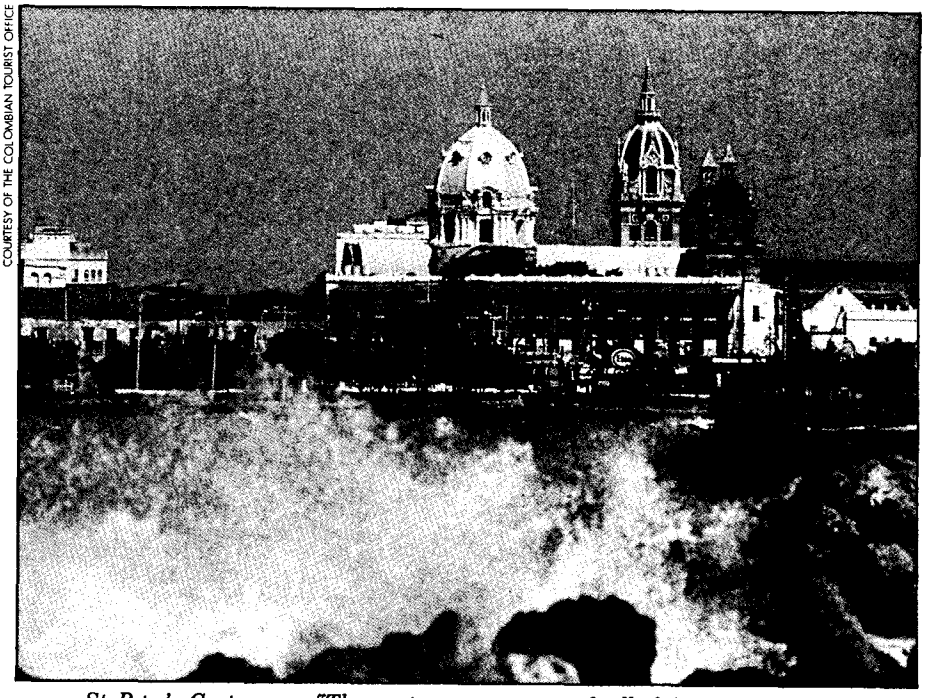
The Search for El Dorado

by Carla Hunt



COURTESY OF THE COLOMBIAN TOURIST OFFICE

St. Peter's, Cartagena— "The most prosperous port of call of the Spanish Main."

TALES OF GOLD and its promise of glory spurred the first European adventurers to sail westward, following in the wake of Columbus to the golden Americas. For those 16th-century captains from Castile, fact came close to matching fantasy as they moved across the Caribbean and down the Pacific coast, through jungled Amazonia and over the Andean passes to uncover the dazzling treasuries of the Indian lands.

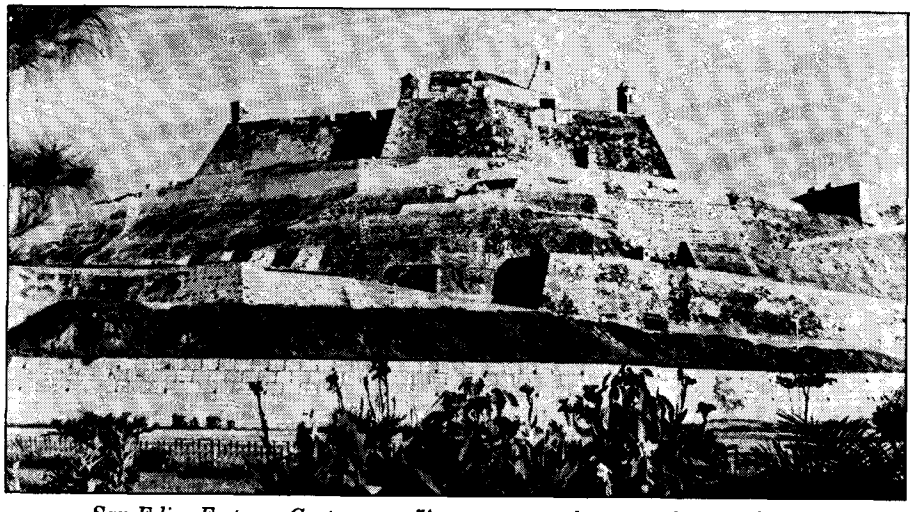
Within a few decades, the captains-general claimed for Spain an area from Florida to Argentina, several times larger than the Roman Empire. They came to conquer and stayed to colonize. When galleons of the Spanish fleet sailed east, their holds were stacked with golden bars of the precious metal melted down from the most sacred artifacts of the continent's pre-Columbian cultures. Sailing westward, the ships carried, among other cargoes, learned men—the masterbuilders and artisans who would scatter Spanish settlements across the New World and transplant Western culture to the Americas.

East or westbound, men and materials passed through Cartagena, the most prosperous and important port of call along the major sea route of the Spanish Main. It was the search for the kingdom called *El Dorado*—a legendary city whose streets were said to be paved with gold—that first brought the conquistadores to Colombia's north shore in 1533. They paused long enough to settle an enclave at Cartagena before moving inland to conquer a continent.

As the plundered riches—gold, silver, emeralds, pearls—began to pour north into Cartagena's warehouses, structures for her defense grew stronger. The threat to the Spanish depot was mostly from the sea, the stored wealth coming under constant attack from pirate raids. Eventually, the city defended itself from behind walled fortifications that rose to 40-feet heights and 60-foot widths and extended in a seven-mile circle around the Caribbean treasurehouse.

Surrounded by walls and water, Cartagena remains the best preserved example of military architecture of the Spanish conquest in the Americas. The master plan for defense was drawn up by Juan Bautista Antonelli, one of the greatest city architects of the age, and his battlements, built with every available material including granite, coral, iron, and reportedly even human bones, have stood the centuries without repair.

Enter the old city through one of five gates in the massive wall. Or walk along the wide ramparts that border the sea and stroll through the damp, vast chambers within the walls called *bovedas* that served as storage for gold and quarters for soldiers. You can spend



COURTESY OF THE COLOMBIAN TOURIST OFFICE

San Felipe Fortress, Cartagena— "A testament to the power that was Spain."

HERBERT LANKS/GLOBE PHOTOS

Quito's market— "Imaginative crafts."

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hours testing Antonelli's ingenious traps for any invading enemy: false exits up stairways that lead nowhere, mazes of passageways that end in culs-de-sac of stone.

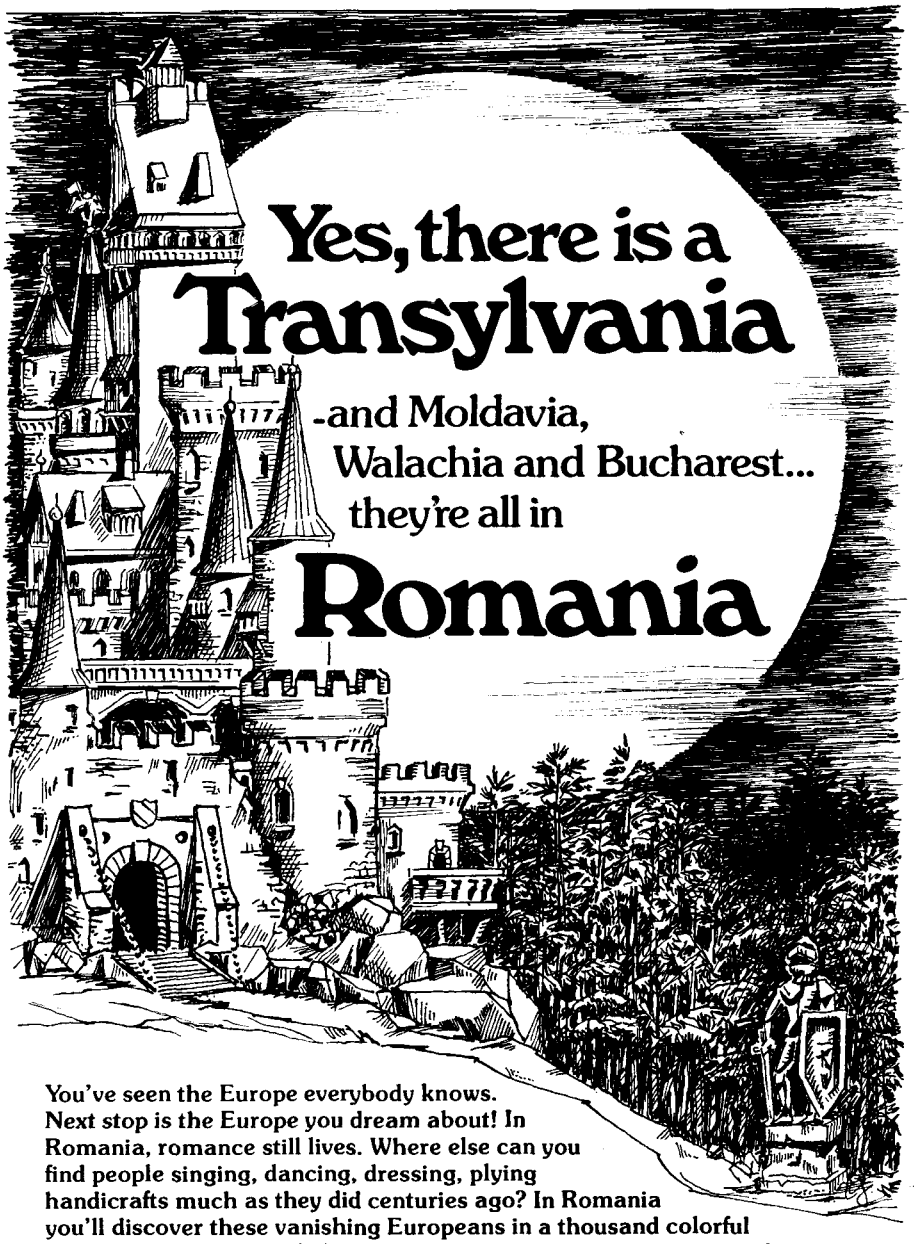
With today's evolutionary mix of history and tourism, part of the *bovedas* have now been converted into a series of shops whose sale items are rather tacky. However, Colombia does encourage and support one of the finest handicraft industries on the continent. Specialties of all regions—weaving, needlework, jewelry—use motifs and methods from pre-conquest times. The best shopping is in Bogota, but Cartagena has a good selection of *artisanias* in Plaza Bolivar.

Even more than the city walls, the San Felipe de Barajas Fortress, which towers above the town, stands as a testament to the power that was Spain. Divided into seven batteries, its cannons protected Cartagena against enemy attack from the interior. A labyrinth of tunnels leads downward through the mountain base into the city below, and the underground chambers were always stocked with arms and ammunition. The cost of building San Felipe was greater than the total expenditure on all the city battlements, and Philip II of Spain, while looking out the window of his Escorial Palace near Madrid, is said to have remarked: "I have spent so many millions [of ounces] in gold to build that city that I should be able to see her walls from here."

If indeed he could have seen that far, the panorama would have included the same twin fortresses that greet today's cruise ships entering the harbor at Boca Chica. On the north side, the Spaniards built San Fernando Fort where guns were aimed downward from an enormous height, and from San Jose on the other side, cannons blasted up from gun ports just above the water line. Stretched between the two was a bronze chain that was lowered only for friendly ships. Once inside the harbor, ships passed in review under the guns of seven more forts perched on the promontories.

King Philip would have had the best view of his vast defensive domain from the mountain behind Cartagena called La Popa, where the Augustinian monks founded the Santa Cruz Convent in 1607 and where the present king and queen of Spain were served a candlelit dinner on Columbus Day in 1978. Each February 2, the La Popa hill is ablaze with both candles and torches that pilgrims carry as they climb the winding road on the feast day of the Virgin of Candelaria.

Inside the convent is a charming patio that looks as if it had been transported straight from Andalucia, complete with brilliant flowers spilling over its balconies, a fountain gurgling in the center, and lines of Moorish arches. The central courtyard is the nucleus of colonial ar-



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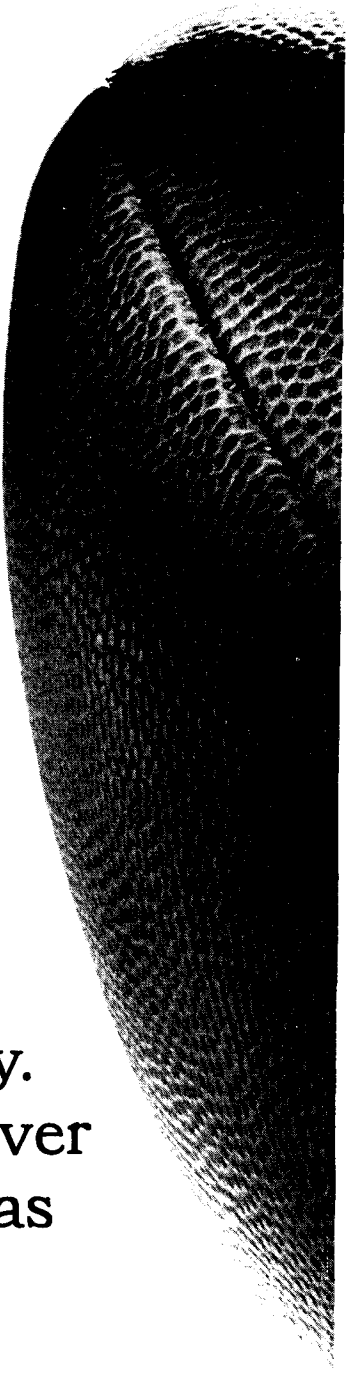

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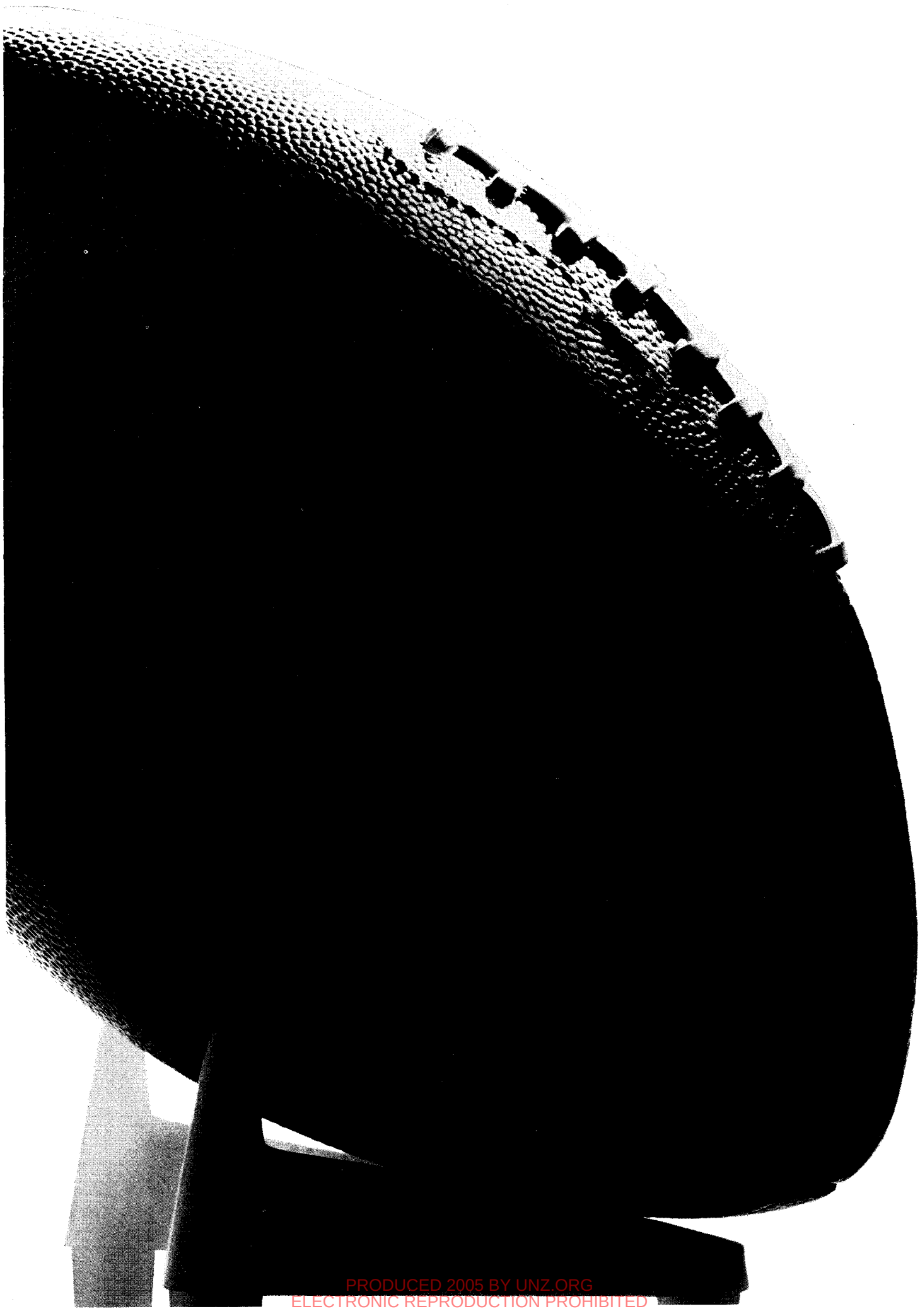

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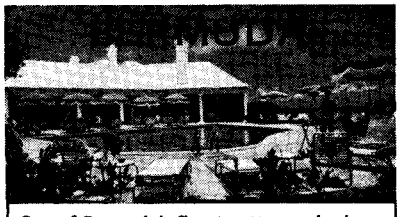
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chitecture throughout the Americas. Even the most modest homes face inward on enclosed patios.

From the summit of La Popa, it is evident that contemporary Cartagena, like the colonial port, literally lives on water. Aboard a creaky armada of river barges and steamers, produce flows from the interior to the Caribbean docks. Lovers and tourists have replaced the sentinels who walked the ramparts in the past. Sunbathers on Boca Chica beaches squint up at the massive silhouettes of the ancient fortresses. One can dine superbly alfresco on the battlements or offshore on a floating restaurant galleon.

And beneath the sea, wreck divers will find some of the finest historic exhibits of all: ships that sank outbound from Cartagena de Indias. Just eight miles out and 20 feet down lies a Spanish supply ship whose cannons are still stacked muzzle to muzzle and breach to breach. And for every diver, there is always the hope of finding a nugget or two from the land of El Dorado.

While legend placed the city of El Dorado in Colombia, the conquistadores found and shipped gold and other precious metals to Cartagena from as far south as present-day Bolivia. Gold was not only of commercial importance to the Spaniards, but also a symbol of status to the ruling Incas and of religious value to their priests. The precious metal was given to the gods as votive offerings and buried with the dead to insure their wealth in the next world. It flowed from the mines of southern Ecuador to Quito, the northern capital of the Incan empire.

Quito was founded in the shadow of the Pichincha Volcano in 1534, a year after the first defense stones were laid at Cartagena. Sebastian de Belalcazar left the destruction of the Inca empire to his commander, Francisco Pizarro, and followed the Indian trails north to establish a new community. He immediately began to erect the churches with their belltowers and the tile-roof buildings that became the hallmarks of Spanish settlement.

The Spaniards lavished special attention on the cathedrals, monasteries, and palaces, whose baroque magnificence reflected the Spaniards' pride in the grandeur of their homeland and served to coax the local people toward belief in the Christian miracle.

One has only to sit awhile in Quito's San Francisco Cathedral or La Merced to observe the Indians' continuing wonder and reverence. They tiptoe up to light candles before the richly clothed saints, or gaze at the polychrome richness of ceilings covered with geometric figures, flowers, Inca suns, European cherubs; they kneel devoutly before altars of solid gold. Obviously, the cross was more effective than the sword in imposing Spanish will, and a colonial legacy of exuberant church art continues to reenforce a complicated culture.

One often wonders why some of Europe's finest artists—both clerics and laymen—came all the way to Quito. Perhaps it was the idyllic setting in a high and fertile Andean valley surrounded by lovely snowcapped volcanoes. More likely it was the lure of joining a settlement whose founding fathers seemed determined to give Quito a special aesthetic dimension. The city they created became the artistic capital of the continent—a goal that could not have been achieved without the skills of the indigenous craftsmen who had been carving wood and stone, working gold and silver, centuries before the birth of Christ or the arrival of the Spanish.

In the 16th century, the Franciscan friars established San Andres, the first center for teaching the new religion and European arts to the Indians. The classrooms' working laboratory was the San Francisco Cathedral where Moorish, Spanish, Italian, and Flemish workmanship blended with local creativity to launch a new style called Andean Baroque. Its distinguishing achievement was the fusion of architecture with sculpture and painting with decorative arts into a unified, artistic whole. And while pursuing artistic excellence and integration, the city builders of Quito made the largest contribution of any settlers to Indo-American culture.

By the 18th century the *Quiteño* school was in full flower. Its artisans grouped into guilds and workshops whose style and skills won international recognition and were copied around the continent.

The Ecuadorian tradition of embellishing even the simplest articles of daily life continues today in the country's imaginative decorative crafts: embroidery, weaving, rug and jewelry making, and wood carving. One specialty of the country is bread sculpture, dough dyed in bright colors and shaped in the forms of animals, birds, and people. While probably pre-Columbian in origin, the bread-dough figures play an important part during All Souls Day observances when they are placed on graves along with food, drink, and flowers for the deceased.

However, Ecuadorian artistic expression remains at its finest in the dozens of religious monuments, an architectural treasury that led UNESCO recently to declare Quito a cultural World Heritage Site. From the gold artifacts housed in the Archaeological Museum to the glittering altars of La Compañia de Jesus Church, the city preserves its own version of the El Dorado legend.

Carla Hunt is a freelance writer who specializes in South America.

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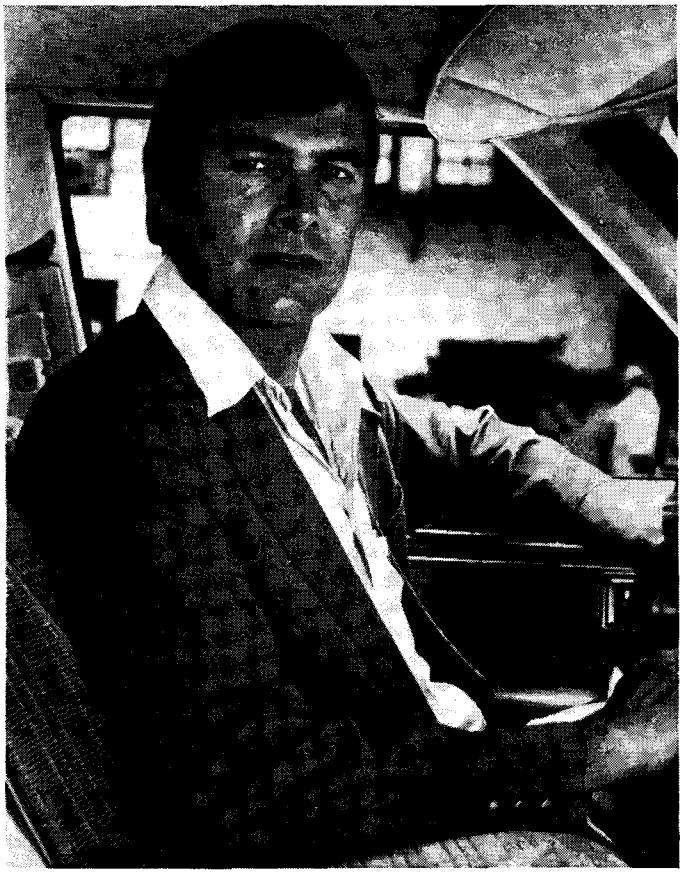

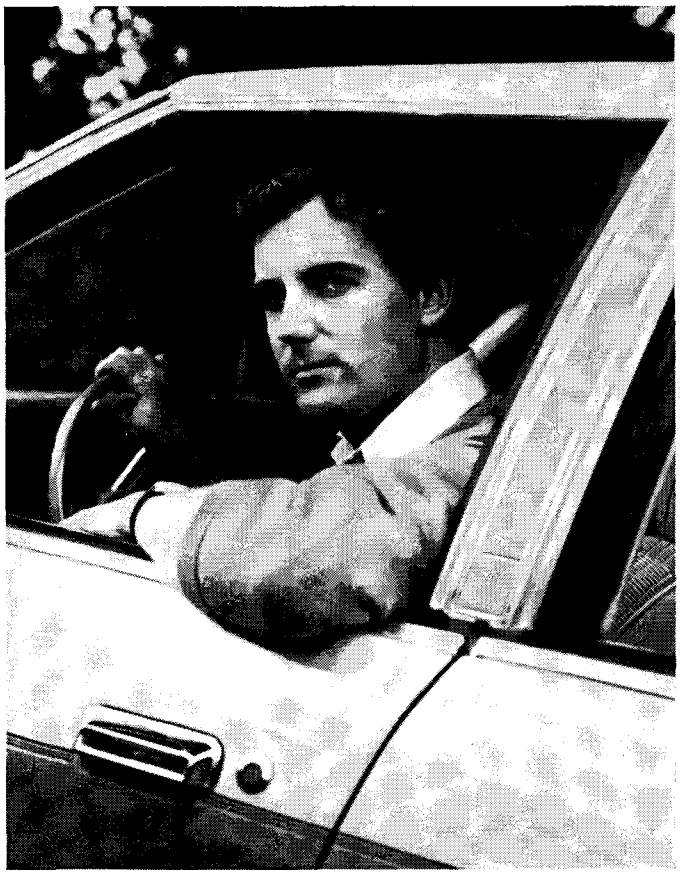

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Should your car be involved in a mishap, it will, on the average, cost you more to repair. In cities, the higher cost of commercial space and the higher wages paid to skilled labor result in increased overhead for the auto repair industry, as for most businesses.

Greater Risk

The crime problems associated with densely populated areas increase the risk of your car being vandalized or stolen. To cover this greater loss potential, insurance companies must charge higher premiums.

Some people think this practice is unfair. We disagree. We believe people with lower exposure to loss should not have to subsidize those with higher exposure to loss. Of course, where you live is only one of the many factors that determine the cost of your auto insurance. But it is a factor that can be accurately measured through the accident claims experience of drivers.

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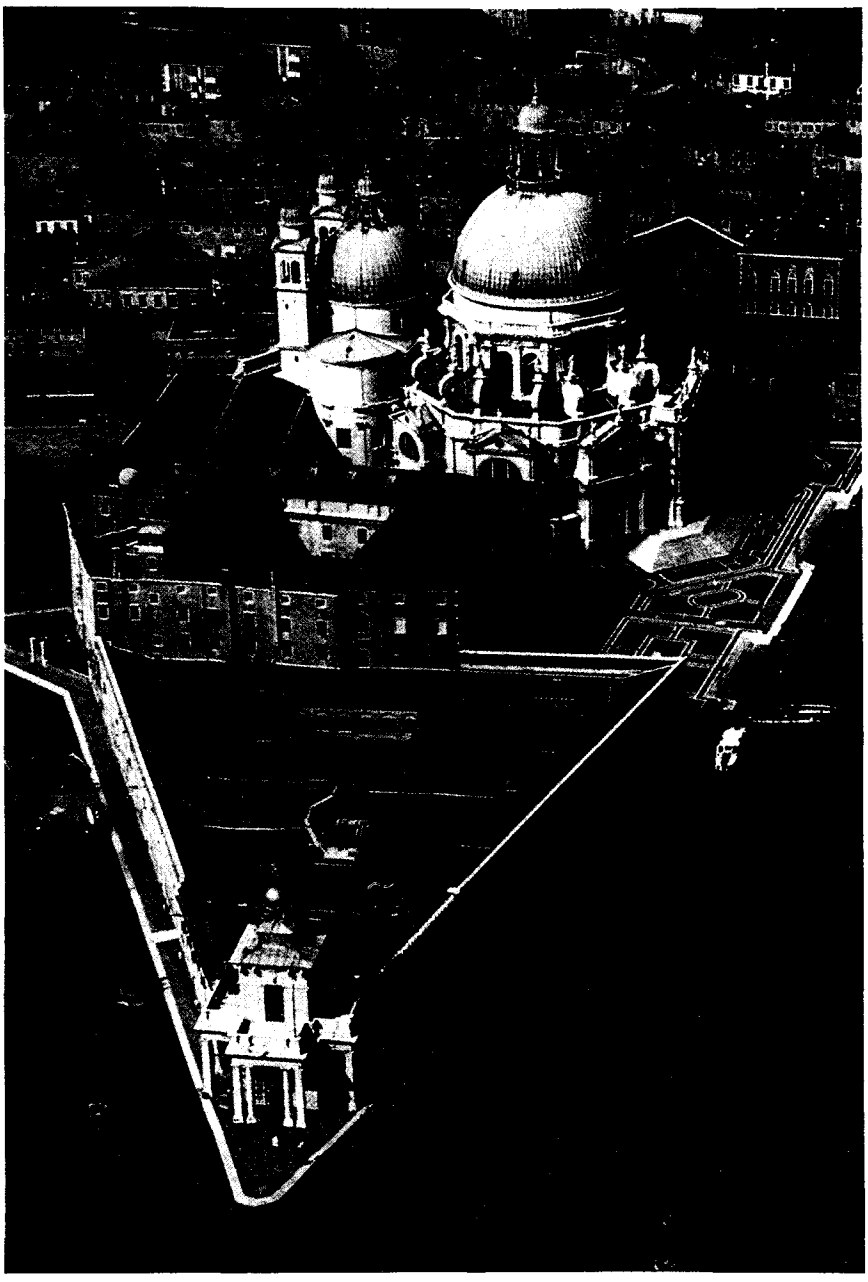
An Old-Stone Fancier's Urban Checklist



Dogana del Mar and, behind, the dome of Santa Maria della Salute at the Grand Canal.

Of all the world's cities, Venice is the quintessential open-air museum. Every turn of the head brings a new tableau—an arching bridge, a tiny alleyway, a *trattoria* by the water's edge, a *vaporetto* slinking up to a dock to collect its passengers like some water-borne taxi. There is the marvelous splendor of the market in the morning with its queer Adriatic fish, its enormous peppers, yellow as a dandelion or red as a sinking sun. The Doge's Palace, fussy as an Italian pastry, evokes memories of Venice as a brawling city-state trading far across the seas. Venice is a seat at Florian's on St. Mark's Square, which Napoleon called Europe's greatest ballroom. And there is the cathedral, faintly Oriental, doorway to the east.

Charleston After Appomattox, Charleston was "too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash." Had it been fuller of purse it might have been rebuilt. As it stands, it is an architectural preserve with over 1,000 historical buildings, some prerevolutionary, many antebellum. Foundations for the lovely College of Charleston were laid in 1770, Charleston Market in 1841. Both are open and active. The mauve-colored City Hall is the oldest in continuous use in the nation. House tours in spring.

Dubrovnik Not much is left of the 7th-century Yugoslav city on the Adriatic, that being the century it was founded. But what does remain looks as it did in the 15th century—walls and castles, Doge's Palace, the baroque church of St. Vlaho, the patron saint. Opera, theater, and concerts are played against these medieval facades during the summer festival.

Fatehpur Sikri Twenty-three miles from the Taj Mahal, this incredible city isn't really "living." Centuries ago it was abandoned for lack of water. Temples and towers stretch for two miles, among them the Hall of Public Audiences where the emperor heard his subjects, and the Panch Mahal, a five-story tower from whose top floor one can survey the great city, empty except for caretakers and those who elect to spend a night here in the archaeological bungalows.

Galveston Neither hurricane nor isolation stayed this gulf city's well-heeled citizens from building handsome houses, many of which are open to public view in summer. They range from the ornate Bishop's Palace built by a Texas tycoon in 1886 (which has 11 fireplaces, silk brocade walls, and cherubs on the ceiling), to Ashton Villa, a brick Italianate gem of the Civil War era, built for James Moreau Brown, reputedly the largest wholesale hardware salesman in the Southwest. Marriott is reconditioning the old Galvez Hotel in period style.

Haarlem Only 13 miles from Amsterdam, this Dutch city of old winding streets and stepped gable houses could serve as a backdrop for *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates*. As a matter of fact, it *is* the place Mary Mapes Dodge had in mind when she wrote that story even though she had never been there. Frans

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Hals is the local eminence (not Hans Brinker), and the museum dedicated to him stands on the Groot Heiligland, which has been called "the most beautiful street in Western Europe." Candlelit tours in summer. Some call Grote Market with its cafes and gabled houses Holland's handsomest square.

Santo Domingo Along the Calle de las Damas, named for the women Columbus brought on his later voyages, things look much as they did 400 years ago. The Casas Reales Museum, in restored quarters, tells of a visitor who saw the city in 1520, "its buildings tall and handsome like those of Italy." The Alcazar, the palace of Columbus's son, Diego, still stands. The discoverer's bones repose in a marble sarcophagus—a gift of Spain—in the cathedral. No matter that Seville and Havana make similar claims.

San Juan First the Spaniards put up forts, then, after the incursions by the English and the Dutch, they built walls. The forts and much of the walls still stand. Within them are some 600 buildings of the old city, nearly half of them restored. An old convent has become a hotel, an old town house is the Pablo Casals Museum. Pastel-hued facades and iron-grill balconies line Cristo Street, an alley of galleries, coffee houses, and colonial history.

Savannah James Edward Oglethorpe arrived from England in the winter of 1733 bringing 120 settlers and ideas for a city. He laid out broad squares and apportioned plots around them. Of the 24 squares, a score remain, shaded by live oak and crossed by brick walks. A dozen years ago the government set aside two and a half miles of the city as a National Historic Landmark, making it the largest urban historic area in the nation. Cruise the city in Mercedes buses of the Historic Savannah Foundation and see the squares, the restored warehouses, and whatever else is left after the depredations of the British, the boll weevil, fire, and the feds.

Taos The first Spaniards came in 1615. Ninety years later plans were drawn for a Franciscan mission that predates those of California. San Francisco de Assis opened in 1718 in what is now Rancho de Taos, four miles from town. Its adobe walls are four feet thick. Hispanic Taoseños, blanketed Indians, and Anglos all mingle in the adobe square of Taos proper. So do artists who started coming here in 1880. The Indians live in Taos Pueblo, two miles from town, a preserve of adobe apartments, four and five stories high. Skiing in Taos Valley. Art-admiring all over the town that has become an art capital. Much ado over D.H. Lawrence who lived here.—**H.S.**

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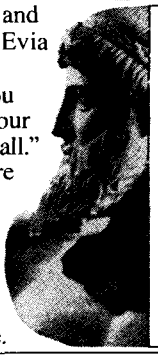

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The Promises of Youth

CATHERINE URSILLO

Jenson and Orth, who know there is more to music making than playing the right notes.

AT YEAR'S END, the best 18-year-old violinist known to me was making a highly successful tour of the Soviet Union. Nothing new in that, some might say; merely history repeating itself.

But this is history with a difference: The violinist is American. Dylana Jenson was born in Sherman Oaks, California, in 1961, began to play the violin at three, and was ready for serious work at five. At 12 she appeared with the Cincinnati Orchestra under the direction of the late Thomas Schippers.

She has played in half a dozen countries since then, and in more than a few American cities. She will add New York to the list on February 28 when she makes her recital debut at the 92nd Street YMHA.

Jenson's first flowering was under the capable musical care of Manuel Compinsky, long-time violinist of the trio bearing his name, and a highly regarded teacher in the Los Angeles area. Since then she has worked with Nathan Milstein, been heard and praised by George Szell, and earned an accolade from one of the instrument's master teachers, Josef Gingold, at Indiana University's School of Music.

My reference to her "first flowering" has more than poetic purpose. Like any living thing, talent must flower before it can reach full bloom. Not all the phases along the way may be pleasurable. Progress may blend with dissatisfaction; the ability to play a Bach partita in a creditable way may be tainted by the unintentional put down: "Terrific playing—considering she is only 14."

I first became aware of Jenson a few years ago. I was receiving, by mail, family-sponsored publicity reporting Dylana's successes here and abroad. When I asked, "When might she be heard in New York?" I was told, "Nothing in sight right now." But since she was planning to go back to Europe, we arranged an informal hearing.

Her performance (she played one of Bach's partitas) was no let down, but no send up either. What can you really tell about a performance by a teenager in such informal circumstances?

In 1978 Dylana Jenson took part in the Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow, and earned a silver medal for finishing second (she shared that honor with a violinist of the Soviet bloc). That didn't make headlines; wire services are interested in winners, not in runners-up. In this instance, the winner was another, older American named Emil Oliveira, who is a good violinist, but no Jenson.

I say this with confidence because her prize in Moscow earned Dylana Jenson not only a silver medal, but golden rewards of other kinds. One was a recording (issued in Russia on the Melodiya label) of her prize-winning performance of the Sibelius concerto. The other was an invitation to return to the Soviet Union for a concert tour.

On the recording is evidence of elements absent from the informal hearing at which I first listened to Jenson: a higher quality of violinmanship, a greater musical understanding, and a strong sense of personal projection. Embodied in the fervent phrases of Sibelius are a radiant response to its pulsating rhythms and a wholehearted participation in the give and take generated by the conductor, Pavel Kogan.

Jenson's performance of the slow movement ranks high in beauty of tone *and* feeling. Above and beyond a wrong note here and there in the finale, Jenson's work exceeds that of many capable of playing every note faultlessly.

Whatever the outcome of her New York recital, Dylana Jenson is on her way to a place among the great violinists of the next generation. She has already made it clear that winning a competition is not necessarily everything. Here is another instance of an observation I made in an earlier column (*SR*, February 18, 1978) that first prize in a competition may not reveal where merit abides among its contestants.

At that time I discussed the lavish awards for the top winners in the 1977 Van Cliburn Competition for pianists in Fort Worth, Texas. Not even mentioned behind Steven de Groote (winner), Alexander Toradze (runner-up), and Jeffrey Swann (who finished third) was a 26-year-old contestant named Peter Orth, who didn't finish at all. This fact did not deter him from entering the recent Walter W. Naumburg Foundation Competition, whose relatively modest rewards included a New York debut in Alice Tully Hall, this past November.

On the way from Texas to Tully Hall, Orth spent a good deal of time in rural Vermont, not merely to regroup and reorganize, but also to realize an ambition of long standing: to work with Rudolf Serkin, who had not been academically available since his retirement in 1977 from his post as director and teacher of piano at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. (Before this Orth put in some productive time at Juilliard with Adele Marcus.)

Serkin recently added to his long devotion to the Marlboro Music Festival in Vermont by creating, in 1977, the Institute for Young Performing Musicians. Orth is one of two pianists who have been accommodated there.

What he has derived from Serkin relates to the internals of the art rather than to the externals of the keyboard, for Serkin stresses music rather than technique. Orth's choices for his debut recital —four duets by Bach, Roger Sessions's "Pages From a Diary," the opus 109 sonata of Beethoven (in E major), and the opus 25 Etudes of Chopin—carry their own testimony to musical, not technical, preoccupations. Every moment of Orth's performance sustained his understanding of the difference between playing the piano and making music on it.

In a time when technique is king, it is heartening to find two such musicians as Jenson and Orth, who know how to discriminate among haste, waste, and taste. Orth has engagements this year and next with the Philadelphia Orchestra to frame his future. Doubtless along the way he will encounter Jenson, whose future is also in very good hands. Her own.

—Irving Kolodin

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The Classics Return

Kendal as Viola disguised as Cesario.

Robert Lindsay, Ronnie Stevens, Crosbie, Hardy in a sparkling Twelfth Night.

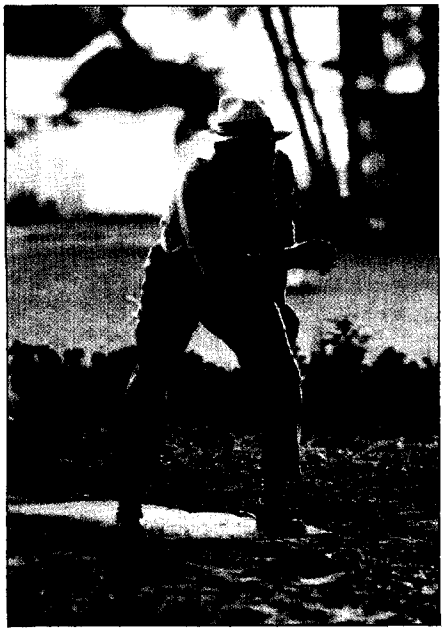
CLASSICS, BOTH English and American, get spirited reworkings on public television this month. Each series deserves considerable praise from both sides of the Atlantic.

BBC's mammoth undertaking, The Shakespeare Plays, got off to an indifferent start last year, but seems to have sorted itself out and is now on solid ground. The second season begins on February 27 with a lustrous production of *Twelfth Night* done perfectly straight, which makes it something of an anomaly in these days of Shakespearean revisionism. It is a production of intelligence and crystal clarity, and if these were its only two virtues, it would still be worth everyone's time. But here is a show that sparkles with wit and charm.

Twelfth Night is, of course, two plays chasing each other around a single script. If badly done, the love quadrangle between Orsino, Viola, Valentine, and Olivia disintegrates into a tableau of confused posturing for which you need a score card if you are to tell the lovers apart. But Clive Arrindell, Felicity Kendal, Malcolm Reynolds, and Sinead Cusack are such winning performers they make all of that mistaken-identity nonsense succeed in a way that masks and mechanical stagecraft never can. They make the audience want it all to work out just for the fun of seeing what happens next.

The heavy-duty work of the comic subplot is in equally capable hands. Alec McCowen as Malvolio gets all the laughs but never loses the humanity of the character. Malvolio deserves *almost* everything he gets, but thanks to McCowen's well-rounded performance there is that little stab of shame we feel at the end for having had such fun pulling his cross-gartered leg for so long.

Annette Crosbie as Maria chews a tiny bit more of the scenery than her part requires, but Robert Hardy is a Sir Toby Belch to treasure. Never a superstar, although his *Coriolanus* is as specific as we are likely to see, Hardy has contributed a number of superbly etched portraits to British television. He was a cad and a seducer without peer in *The Duchess of Duke Street* and then came back with a cold but compelling Prince Albert in *Edward the King*. Now he turns up with a robust comic perfor-



KEN HOWARD

Whitmore as the garrulous Charley Tate.

Eric Roberts as Paul, in search of gaiety.

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mance that indicates we may have the makings of a great Falstaff on our hands—and we can always use another one of those.

Twelfth Night seems almost to have been written for the intimate confines of television. Elements often missed on the stage come through on the screen with a particular sweetness. In one marvelous scene Belch and his stooge, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, pause in their horseplay as Sir Andrew recalls softly, "I was adored once." For a moment, Toby and Andrew cease to be a pair of classic comic characters and become two vulnerable old men looking for their youth amid the pranks of old age.

The series continues with a replay of last year's most successful production, *Richard II*, plus new readings of *Henry IV, Parts One and Two*, *Henry V*, and *The Tempest*. I wish I could understand the reasoning behind the order in which the BBC is turning out these plays, but it is good to have them in any combination. THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY series also returns this month (the eight weeks of new stories will be followed by repeats of the original nine). Again superlatives are generally in order for the quality of the project. The series began on February 4 with Ring Lardner's *Golden Honeymoon*, starring James Whitmore and Teresa Wright. Lardner's story, a valentine laced in black, is brought vividly to life. Whitmore, a craggy-faced American original, plays garrulous Charley Tate, a part that allows the "natural" style of American acting he so typifies to shine.

Charley Tate from Trenton is heading down to Florida with his wife—he calls her "Mother"—for their golden wedding anniversary. Taking in the sun, they run into an old flame of Mother's, deftly played by Steve Elliott, whom she has not seen in 52 years. When Charley finds that his old rival has done rather better in the world than he has, the old jealousies flare. Charley bites hard on his cheap cigar, snaps his suspenders, and reenters the lists to joust for his woman with the desperation of a man who feels 50 years of love turning sour. This time he fights it out over the bridge table, the checkerboard, and in the horseshoe pits of St. Petersburg. In his struggle there is more elemental heat, more passion, more sex even than in a month's worth of the percaled peccadillos of *Dallas*. This isn't an animated comic strip. *Golden Honeymoon* is the real stuff.

As always, executive producer Robert Geller has seen to it that the production is meticulously mounted. The time is the 1920s, when senior citizens could listen to the band playing on the village green and enjoy themselves when sitting on folding chairs in an auditorium and listening to a lady doing bird calls. All such grace notes are colored with warmth but never condescension. If we are importing BBC productions with enjoyment, surely we are in this series returning the favor with rich dividends.

Willa Cather's dark story, *Paul's Case*, is next (February 11). It is one of Cather's minor masterpieces, and under the taut direction of Lamont Johnson gets the showing it deserves. Eric Roberts, a young performer of enormous skill, gives a shattering performance as the young man who steals money to come to New York for a taste of gaiety, and then chooses to crush himself rather than return to be crushed by the provincialism of his home.

After two extraordinary productions, the wheels come off a bit in a bloated version of James Thurber's *The Greatest Man in the World*. In stretching Thurber's four-page comic fable of misplaced hero worship into an hour, screenwriter Jeff Wanshel has pulled the story completely out of shape. Almost all of Thurber's delicious prose has been scrapped in favor of Wanshel's slapstick inventions, and unfortunately, Wanshel is not as funny as Thurber.

The remaining new stories are *Rappaccinni's Daughter*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; *The Jilting of Granny Weatherall*, by Katherine Anne Porter; *The Sky Is Gray*, by Ernest Gaines, and *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*, by Mark Twain.

IN FAIRNESS, I must report that compared to what CBS did to Ernest Hemingway's *My Old Man*, describing the production of *The Greatest Man in the World* as distorted is like criticizing the Bayeux tapestry for inadequate draftmanship. In a truly shameful piece of work, Jerome Kass turned Hemingway's original totally inside out to create a scooter—vehicle is too grand a word—for Kristy McNichol. Instead of a boy's gradual discovery that his father is a crooked jockey, we get a soggy story about a girl who is crazy about horses, and while her father lies dying in the hospital, she, as God is my judge, slips into a set of racing silks and steers a rogue horse to victory. It was as if *My Old Man* had been out of *Black Beauty* by way of *National Velvet*. The screenplay was the kind of disgraceful perversion Hollywood gave up when Lon McCallister retired.

There is a lesson in here somewhere. Shakespeare, Lardner, and Cather can all speak to us on television as effectively as ever when they are given thoughtful productions that preserve the voices of the original works. The voices of Thurber and Hemingway, two of the most distinctive in American literature, however, are entirely lost beneath the weight of their adaptations. It's a shame. Thurber and Hemingway were really pretty good writers, and television could use them. **—Peter Andrews**

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DANCE

Something Dazzling in the State of Denmark

THE WEEK-LONG Bournonville Centenary Festival, presented this past November by the Royal Danish Ballet in Copenhagen, turned out to be one of the major ballet events of the century. The braziers on the roof of the venerable Royal Theater attacked the lowering wintry skies with bright tongues of flame. Inside, Queen Ingrid, the Queen Mother, attended in the absence of the reigning monarch, Queen Margrethe II, who had been hospitalized for minor surgery. And on stage was the Royal Danish Ballet. Here and in museums, art galleries, even department stores and post offices (which issued a commemorative stamp), all was aglow as Denmark and the world of dance paid tribute to the great choreographer, August Bournonville.

The audience assembled for the festival constituted an unprecedented gathering of dance experts, celebrities, and devotees. For six of the nine performances of Bournonville masterpieces from the last century, the 1,400-seat theater was packed with foreigners, who made up more than one-third of the audiences, and with Danes. Of the 50 international dance critics on hand for the occasion, almost half were American.

Twenty-five years ago, when a group of young soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet first came to America, few but dance scholars had ever heard of Bournonville. Last summer, when another contingent of Royal dancers of a later generation visited us, they proudly offered programs of all-Bournonville divertissements, not only to preview Copenhagen's great Bournonville festival but also to satisfy the American appetite for Bournonville works, created by other companies' productions of *La Sylphide* and excerpts from some of his other ballets.

The Bournonville craze is a relatively new one for two reasons. The ballets of Bournonville were rarely seen outside the kingdom of Denmark from the time he was named ballet master and principal choreographer of the Royal Danish Ballet, in 1829, to his death, in 1879. And until the 1950s they remained hidden from all but Danes and their visitors because the company did not tour outside the country.

Today the ballets are danced everywhere. But, it must be admitted, only the Danish dancers really do Bournonville justice. Looking at a pair of Royal dancers performing the pas de deux from *Flower Festival at Genzano,* a duet that has become a stock item in almost every classical ballet repertory, I thought, "Why does anyone but a Dane try to perform Bournonville? Others do the steps, and often correctly, but the Danes *dance* them." Americans, the English, and dancers of other nationalities make Bournonville choreography seem terribly naive; when the Danes dance Bournonville roles, they project an engaging air of eternal innocence.

JOHN R. JOHNSON

Dancers costumed for Konservatoriet, *at a ballet barre in the Royal Theater.*

For the most part, non-Danish dancers perform only Bournonville's variations—solos, pas de deux, pas de trois, and other pure dance excerpts—from his ballets. But the real Bournonville stresses acting as well as dancing, for the great master's choreography interweaves drama and dance to such an extent that every finger, every glance, every shrug, every move has a meaning as important to the whole as the most dazzling physical tour de force. Non-Danish dancers, especially Americans, are notoriously weak in matters of mime, while the Royal Danish dancers are trained from early childhood to be actor-dancers.

Thus the youthful Frank Andersen, for example, can go from glittering displays of virtuosity in the pas de trois from *La Ventana* to the nondancing role of a bumbling, adorable bumpkin in *The King's Volunteer Guards on Amager,* an enchanting ballet that is at least one-half mime. And thus Niels Kehlet, the veteran superstar of the Royal Danish Ballet, can one night toss off an entrechat huit, followed by an incredible number of leg beats in *Konservatoriet,* and the next night play an amorous troll in *A Folk Tale.* And thus the beautiful and versatile Kirsten Simone was able to skillfully and seamlessly transform herself from the prima ballerina who danced Bournonville heroines, the great Petipa classics, and avant-garde ballets to the most gorgeous actress-dancer on the ballet stage today.

So a chance to see a full week of Bournonville done by the Danes could not be missed. The audience of the opening night performance was warmly enthusiastic; by the last night its response could only be called tumultuous. The finale was comprised of twenty-plus curtain calls, stomping feet, rhythmic applause, roaring bravos, showers of flowers tossed on stage, and a standing ovation.

During the festival, theatergoers had chuckled delightedly at a Bournonville ballet new to most, *The Kermesse in Bruges,* and found themselves captivated by a revival of a major Bournonville work, *A Folk Tale.* In both, the versatility of the dancers was challenged at every turn. Lis Jeppesen in *A Folk Tale* was the fairy-tale princess who thought she was a troll, and Linda Hindberg gave a riotous account of the girl who seemed to be an ill-behaved princess but was in fact a troll. This story of babies switched at birth also allowed Arne Villumsen to be a dashing, if understandably confused, hero, and Kehlet and Fredbjørn Bjørnsson to work charming mischief as two troll brothers. Bournonville offers a contrast in mood and in style in all of his ballets. So it was that the romantic team of Jeppesen and Villumson could move skillfully from the comedic measures of *A Folk Tale* to the great poetic and tragic passages that constitute *La Sylphide.* In

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the latter ballet the youth, lured from his betrothed on his very wedding day by the wild and free Sylphide, learns that this dream and all dreams are unobtainable. Jeppesen was swift, aerial, elusive as this creature of dreams and also poignant when Sylphide dies.

Among still other masterpieces was the all-time Danish favorite, the lusty three-act *Napoli*. In this ballet all the dancers combine to bring a cascade of moods that range from romance to piety, from terror to joy, from mischief-making to exaltation.

Much of the performing brilliance of this festival is due to Henning Kronstam, the new director of the company (see "Nothing Like a Dane," *SR*, December 1978). In less than two years, he and his associate artistic director, Kirsten Ralov, an internationally famous Bournonville expert, have worked miracles with the Royal Danish Ballet. During the tenure of its previous director, Flemming Flindt, Bournonville was given short shrift. Flindt choreography predominated, and because it required little classical ballet finesse, the quality of classical dancing deteriorated badly. With this recent festival, the Royal Danish Ballet, under Kronstam and Ralov, has made a remarkable stride forward and leap upward toward that eminence it possessed when it dazzled New York on its first visit nearly a quarter of a century ago.

It is not surprising, then, that Anthony Bliss of the Metropolitan Opera and Martin Feinstein of Washington's Kennedy Center are now making plans to bring the Royal Danish Ballet—child dancers, mimes, and all—to their theaters in 1982. Jane Hermann, director of presentations at the Met, has recommended that the repertory be highlighted by *A Folk Tale* and *The Kermesse in Bruges*. The latter has, incidentally, already received a rave review from a most distinguished and extremely tough critic. It is generally known in dance circles that England's Queen Elizabeth II is not at all fond of ballet. Yet on a recent state visit to Denmark, her royal cousin, Margrethe II, who is a ballet expert and who still takes ballet lessons weekly, arranged a ballet gala. *Kermesse* was selected by Kronstam for the occasion. At the conclusion, it is reported, Her Britannic Majesty exclaimed delightedly, "It's not only fun, it's funny!"

I think it would not be *lèse majesté* to use in conclusion the words of August Bournonville himself, in his last will and testament to the Royal dancers of a century ago: "Regard your art as a link in the chain of beauty, and an ornament to the stage, and respect the theater as one of the most glorious manifestations of the intellectual life of nations." His creed lives on in his ballets.

—Walter Terry

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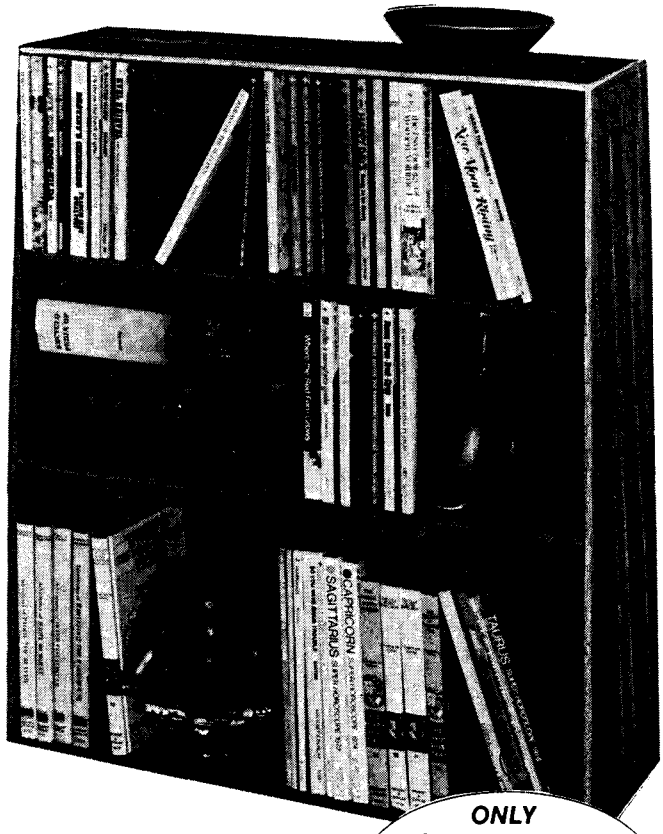

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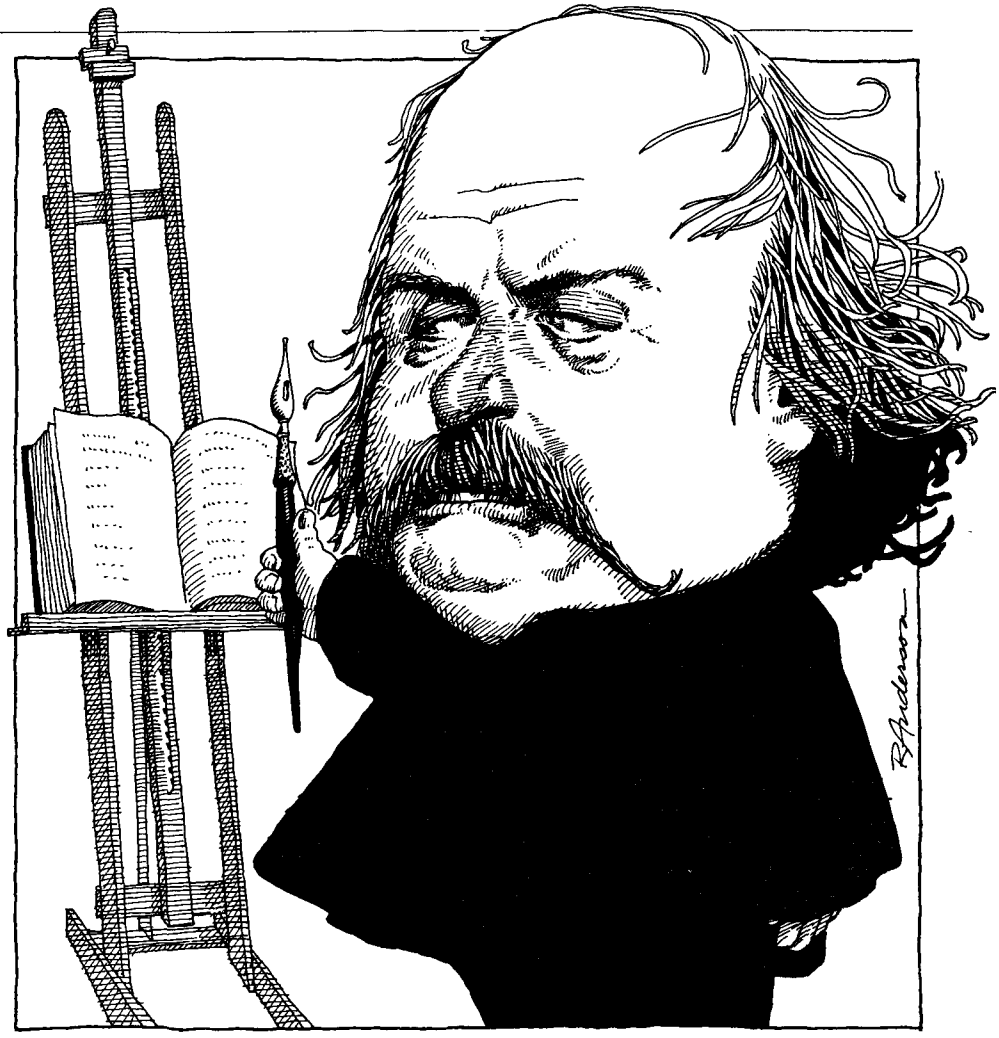
Dual to the Death

by John Simon

The Letters of Gustave Flaubert
Edited by Francis Steegmuller
Harvard University Press
250 pp., $12



ARE THERE ANY great artists not in the grip of some form of dualism? The true writer is nearly always divided, riven into warring halves. At his mildest, he provides a dialogue rising into a debate; more often, a set of contradictions at snarling odds with each other, which only the supreme effort at control, the reconcilement through art, brings into delicate but lasting balance. In no author I can think of are more kinds of dualism more startlingly manifest than in Gustave Flaubert (1821–1880), and nowhere in his work are they more patently exhibited and analyzed than in his letters.

Flaubert's letters are acknowledged to be among the finest written in French, arguably *the* finest. Among modern English epistolarians, only Byron and D.H. Lawrence can compete with Flaubert in immediacy, variety, intensity, and un-publication-oriented perceptivity. It is, therefore, a major literary event to have available at last a substantial part of his correspondence, translated and edited by Francis Steegmuller, even if *The Letters of Gustave Flaubert, 1830–1857* is only the first of two volumes, and although both together will represent only a fraction, however sizable, of an output that, for all its copiousness, never palls.

Modernism in the novel—whatever it is or may have been—has produced a good many bastards; even more numerous are its putative fathers. Its paternity was most cogently assigned by Théodore de Banville to Flaubert's two great fictions of "modern life": *Madame Bovary* and *L'Education sentimentale*. Yet if Banville had not been a friend of the Flaubert who had claimed he could not understand Stendhal, he might have more fairly granted Beyle copaternity. Flaubert, then, preoccupies us as a writer and—because of the relationship that existed between them despite his frequent denials—as a man; together these two constitute one of the fountainheads of the modern novel. Whether art imitates nature or vice versa, we would be fools not to be interested in our origins, in the sources of a sensibility that, despite modifications, is still very much our own.

What characterizes Flaubert's attitudes to art as to life is their duality: He loved and hated them both. In 1846, aged 25, Gustave compares an early presentiment he had of life to "a nauseating smell of cooking escaping through a ventilator: you don't have to eat it to know it would make you vomit." Five years later, he writes: "I hate life ... and everything that reminds me that life must be borne. It bores me to eat, to dress, to stand on my feet, etc." He has no sense of being young: At 24 he is already fed up with sex, women, masturbation; he "no longer feel[s] the glowing enthusiasm of youth" and, by the next year, has "the sensation of being inordinately aged, older than an obelisk."

But such passages can be matched with contrary ones: accounts of merry escapades, notably on the long journey to the Orient; ecstatic moments of friendship or physical love; communings with nature; above all, transcendent ex-

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periences with literature, whether in reading or in writing. He can "derive almost voluptuous sensations from the mere act of seeing." And, the day before his thirty-second birthday, he writes his mistress, Louise Colet: "Today I am overflowing with serenity. I feel calm and radiant. My entire youth has passed unmarred, unsapped by weakness. From my childhood to this very hour it has followed a single straight line.... I am like a springtime. I have a great, flowing river in me, something that keeps churning and never ceases."

Thus about life; but what about art? (Or "the god of Art," to whom, as the 14-year-old Gustave already tells his friend Chevalier, they must devote themselves.) The fear of never really succeeding as an artist, never becoming a master, never even getting published, runs through these letters as a melancholy refrain; often it turns into downright hate. "Style is achieved only by dint of atrocious labor, fanatical and unremitting stubbornness." Flaubert evokes the "agonies of art" (the untranslatable *affres* means anguish, dread, horror, pangs, spasms); he speaks of "[us] poor devils, writers of prose, who are forbidden ... any expression of personal feelings—think of all the bitterness that remains in our souls, all the moral mucus we gag on." One scene in *Madame Bovary* takes him five months to write; he laments, "If at least I enjoyed doing it!" Elsewhere he thinks he might "die of vexation and impatience ... were it not for the fury that sustains [him]."

Antithetically, he also ardently loves his work. At 24, he tells his beloved friend, Alfred Le Poittevin: "The only way not to be unhappy is to shut yourself up in Art and count all the rest as nothing." A year later, he "cannot imagine how people unconcerned with art can spend their time." In 1851, "Only the habit of persistent work can make one continually content; it produces an opium that numbs the soul." In 1853, after finishing part II, chapter 9 of *Bovary,* he rhapsodizes: "It is a delicious thing to write, to be no longer yourself but to move in an entire universe of your own creating. Today, for instance, as man and woman, both lover and mistress, I rode in a forest on an autumn afternoon under the yellow leaves, and I was also the horses, the wind, the words my people uttered, even the red sun that made them almost close their love-drowned eyes."

There is a distinct ambivalence about both a love that is a numbing opium and a hate that, at least, is a sustaining fury. Indeed, the most frequent tone is one of duality, of love-hate, of an impassioned yea-and-nay: "I love my work with a love that is frantic and perverted, as an ascetic loves the hair shirt that scratches his belly." Two years later (1854), he expresses it even more powerfully: "What an atrociously delicious thing ... writing is—since we keep slaving this way, enduring such tortures and not wanting things otherwise." For Flaubert, obviously, art is a secular asceticism, both positive and negative. At 19 he had thought of castrating himself, he tells Louise, "and later spent two entire years without touching a woman." There are moments "when one needs to make oneself suffer, needs to loathe one's flesh ... so hideous does it seem." This piteous state of affairs almost drove him into a monastery, "perhaps [to have become] a great mystic." But as it happens his "love of form"—art, writing, style—

The most frequent tone is one of duality, of an impassioned love-hate.

deflected the asceticism into secular channels. To the extent it produced works of art, this was, of course, beneficial; but to the extent Flaubert used it as an escape from life and love, it was also, alas, sterile.

The correspondence is the perfect peephole—no, picture window—into the man who, in turn, holds the clues to the writer, and is the standard-bearer of art for art's sake. Two aspects of this chary, inconsistent, odd, indeed perverse lover become manifest in these letters: homosexuality and sadomasochism. They too strike me as forms of ambivalence, of duality—at least as Flaubert indulged, or did not indulge, in them. On the homosexuality, Steegmuller is reticent; at most, he permits himself a veiled suggestion or two. Yet there is no doubt that the letters to the dearest male friends, Ernest Chevalier and Maxime Du Camp, and especially Alfred Le Poittevin and Louis Bouilhet, are more intimate, tender, rapturous than all but a very few passages in the missives to Louise. On these matters, the late Enid Starkie is most explicit, in *Flaubert: The Making of a Master*, though it must be remembered that, as a lesbian, she may have been arguing *pro domo*. Still, she is judicious enough to speak only of "some homosexual practices" (some of them confirmed by the letters here available for the first time in English), and she prudently adds that "nothing positive can be proved" with any but, perhaps, Louis Bouilhet.

More interesting than either these speculations or the descriptions of some pederastic encounters with Arab catamites are what I would call secondary homosexual characteristics: adoration of and dependence on one's mother, whom one also slightly patronizes and resents; preference for older women, i.e., mother figures such as the lifelong, platonic beloved, Mme. Elisa Schlésinger, 26 when the 14-year-old Flaubert fell deeply in love with her, and Louise Colet, Flaubert's only mistress of significant duration, 10 years his senior; the striving to make men out of one's women: "I was addressing myself to your virile intellect" and, again, "I treat you like a man and not like a woman"; and, though here I am on shakier ground, a sadomasochistic relation with Louise, which Steegmuller perceives only in mental terms, though it seems to have been physical enough.

Soon after he has become involved with Louise (1846), our long-time admirer of Sade and Lacenaire brings back some mementos of their Paris dalliance to his nest in Croisset; one of them is Louise's handkerchief on which "I see your blood. I wish it were completely red with it." No menstrual blood, this; we soon learn that the other chief keepsake, Louise's slippers, also display bloodstains. Gustave has "the cravings of a wild beast ... a love that is carnivorous, capable of tearing flesh to pieces." In another letter: "I bite your lip: is the little red spot still there?" Elsewhere we read of "violent caresses.... I made you cry out two or three times." In the first year of the liaison he speaks of his embraces as *those of cats that draw their females'* blood; near the end of the affair, the image recurs, heightened: "I am like the tiger, who has bristles ... at the tip of his glans, which lacerate the female."

The homosexuality seems to have been largely or wholly repressed—hence a form of dividedness; could not the heterosexuality, then, out of spite and frustration, turn sadomasochistic—another form of rivenness? From these incertitudes and contradictions, Flaubert escapes into art (often with a capital A), which appears to him a sure refuge from life. The writer, by the very peace-requiring nature of his work, "must live alone and seal [his] windows lest the air of the world seep in." A few years later, the image changes, but the spirit remains the same: "The way to live serenely, in clean, fresh air, is to install yourself atop some pyramid, no matter which, provided it be lofty and have a solid foundation. Ah! It isn't always 'amusing' up there, and you are utterly alone; but there is consolation to be taken in spitting from so high a place."

Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—the ambivalences of life and love one tries to flee from into literature have a way of following one even into an airtight room or onto the top of a pyramid. Most blatantly, Flaubert tergiversated between such statements as "*Madame Bovary* has nothing 'true' in it.... into it I put none of my own feelings and nothing from my own life" and the celebrated remark, "Madame Bovary, c'est moi." Yet the ambivalence was, in

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many ways, creative. *Bovary,* as he correctly perceived, was to be the first book to make fun of its heroine and hero in such a way that the irony, instead of detracting from the pathos, intensified it. (Elsewhere he writes that the greatest artists are both pitiless and tender.) Later he explains that he abhorred ordinary existence, the bourgeois world of Emma and her men, but that "aesthetically, I wanted this once—and only this once—to plumb its depths." It was, of course, not to be only once: Flaubert's fictions shuttled, with perfect regularity, between exotic, historic, heroic themes, and modern, mundane, even petty ones.

In *Madame Bovary* we can see this duality settle into the very form and style, as Flaubert contrives "to give prose the rhythm of verse (keeping it distinctly prose, however) and to write of ordinary life as one writes history or epic (but without falsifying the subject)." No wonder critics found it hard to classify Flaubert: Was he a romantic, a realist, a naturalist? A Parnassian in prose, perhaps, or a Decadent? Yet even if the form had its ambiguities, the dedication with which Flaubert pursued his art became ever more single-minded, fanatical, and prolonged: *Bovary* took almost five years, *Salammbô* and *L'Education* six each, and death cut off *Bouvard et Pécuchet* at seven. This sublime intransigence is everywhere in the letters: "Perish the United States, rather than a principle! May I die like a dog rather than hurry by a single second a sentence that isn't ripe!" Flaubert preferred a risky lawsuit by the Imperial censorship against *Bovary* to making changes in the text: "I will not make a correction, not a cut; I will not suppress a comma; nothing, nothing!" he wrote the work's first publishers.

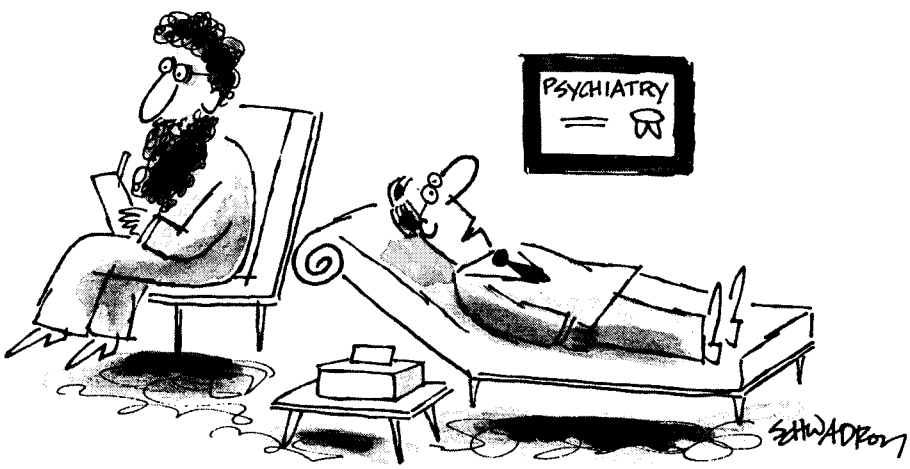
He recognized the difficulties of a style that was meant to resolve contradictions and fuse opposites better than anyone, however. It is easy, he writes, "to chatter about the Beautiful. But it takes more genius to say, in proper style, 'close the door' or 'he wanted to sleep' than to give all the literature courses in the world." Still, he managed to "walk straight ahead on a hair, balanced above two abysses of lyricism and vulgarity" and even to blend them; to convey the effects of a symphony in a book; and, indeed, to anticipate that art of the future he foresaw as "something halfway between algebra and music." He was able, as R. A. Sayce demonstrated in *Style in French Prose*, "to pack more meaning into a word, a phrase, a sentence, a paragraph, than perhaps any other writer...."

Francis Steegmuller, who has translated and written about Flaubert often and well, has again done a splendid job of selection from the correspondence, as well as of providing connecting texts and notes. His translation, though able, is not brilliant. Two examples at random. Young Flaubert wants to write a book worthy of Brueghel's *Temptation of St. Anthony*, *"mais cela demandait un autre gaillard que moi."* The raciness of *autre gaillard* is not conveyed by "someone very different." Gustave writes to Bouilhet, "*Quand nous nous reverrons il aura passé beaucoup de jours, je veux dire beaucoup de choses.*" This is a kind of zeugma: "many days, I mean many things will have passed." Steegmuller flattens it into "many days will have passed—I mean many things will have happened." *Collège*, in French, is not college but high school; simple Mme. Flaubert would say "dried up," not "desiccated."

There are also curious lapses of diction and grammar, which I would have expected the Harvard University Press to catch. I am not pleased with such anachronisms as *ploy, nymphet, clobbering,* and *where are you at?* But I am unhappier yet about *further away; as though I'm; a few less hours; neither you nor I are; I wrack my brain; horses who; where art thou, luxurious locks?* and several more like them.

Still, we have here, in mainly good English, some of the greatest insights into the making of art. Let me close with two. "If you participate actively in life, you don't see it clearly: you suffer from it too much or enjoy it too much. The artist, to my way of thinking, is a monstrosity, something outside nature." And: "An author in his book must be like God in the universe, present everywhere and visible nowhere." Even that greatest dichotomy—between monster and God—Flaubert could, if not resolve, at least put to immortal use.

John Simon is drama critic for New York *magazine and film critic for the* National Review. *His next book,* Paradigms Lost, *will be published in April.*



"Let's see if I have it straight: My fears of inadequacy and of disapproval from my peers cause me to laugh in an inappropriately shrill voice when I fail to understand most of the cartoons in the New Yorker*."*

The Other War of the Sixties

Jambeaux
by Laurence Gonzales
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich 275 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by William Plummer

Out on the street I couldn't tell the Vietnam veterans from the rock-and-roll veterans. The Sixties had made so many casualties, its war and its music had run power off the same circuit for so long they didn't even have to fuse. The war primed you for lame years while rock and roll turned more lurid and dangerous than bullfighting, rock stars started falling like second lieutenants; ecstasy and death and (of course and for sure) life, but it didn't seem so then. What I'd thought of as two obsessions were really only one ....
I think that Vietnam was what we had instead of happy childhoods.

Dispatches, by Michael Herr (Knopf, 1977)

ONETIME rock-and-roll musician, former editor at *Playboy* and *Tri-Quarterly*, Laurence Gonzales probably owes something in this first novel to Michael Herr. The protagonist of *Jambeaux* is named Page, perhaps in homage to Tim Page, the raucous, self-consuming photojournalist of Herr's book, *Dispatches*. Gonzales's Page is a veteran of both "wars" of the Sixties and Seventies, Vietnam and rock and roll. What's more, neither he nor anyone else in *Jambeaux* has a past that predates Vietnam—and they've all got the "music" in them, ecstasy and death.

The story begins in the aftermath of celebrity. Page has more platinum records than your local juvenile delinquent has hubcaps, but he's out of it all now. He's up in Michigan, presumably still in his twenties, a blasted near-casualty of rock and roll. He just sits around quietly repeating a mantric phrase from T.S. Eliot's "Ash Wednesday": "Teach us to

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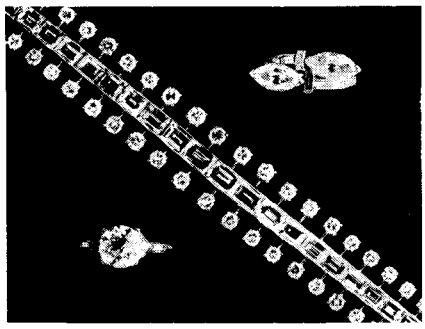

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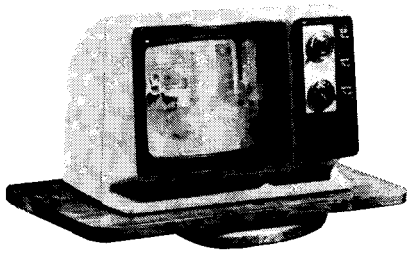

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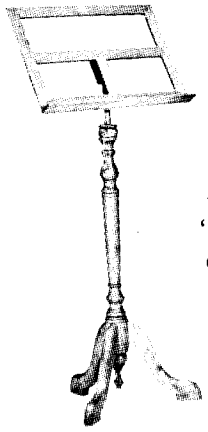

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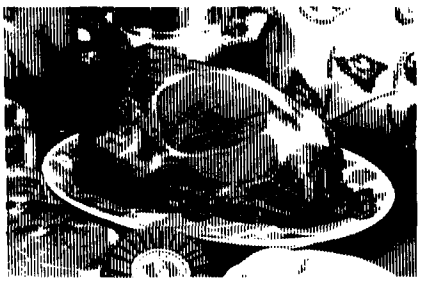

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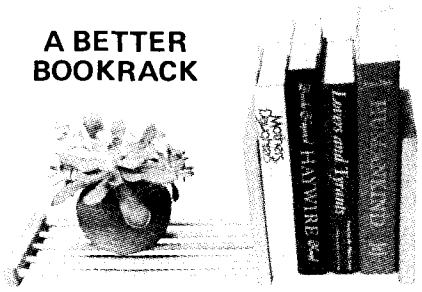

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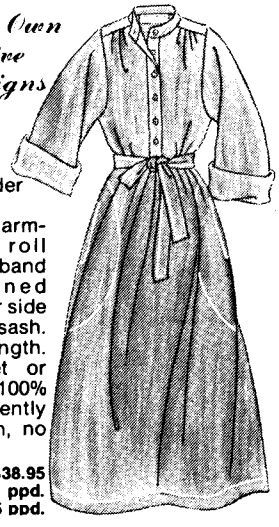

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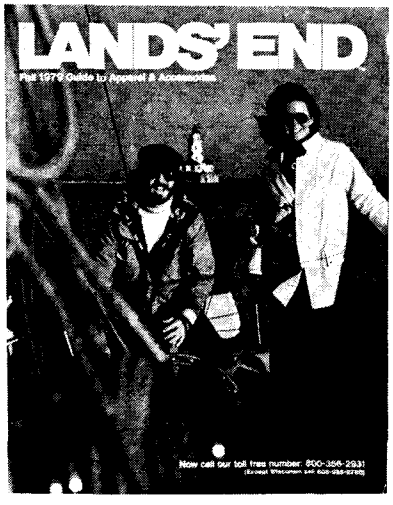

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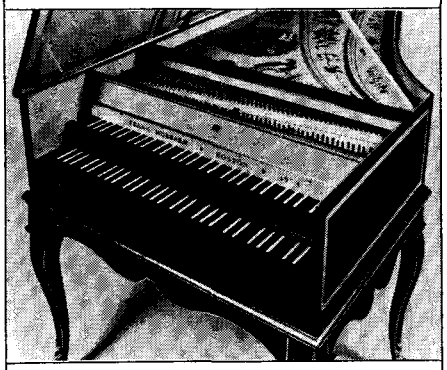

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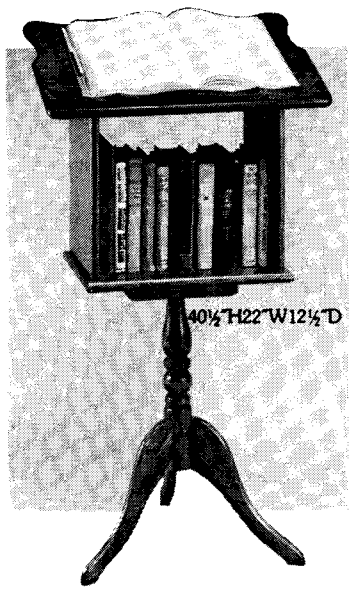

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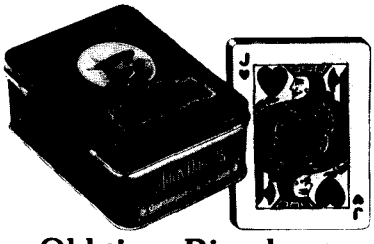

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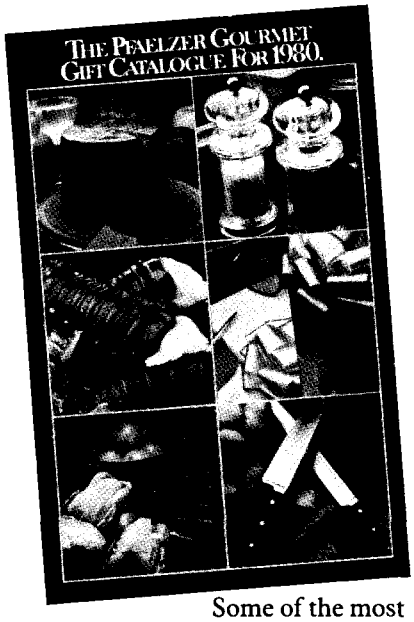

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care and not to care, Teach us to sit still." He rouses himself, however, to talk to his younger brother, Steve, who has been visited with a voice and talent eerily like his own. Page is hoping to dissuade Steve from making the rock scene—from reviving Page's group, Jambeaux.

The tête-a-tête with Steve gives the novel its frame. It provides, as well, a book-length occasion for Page to rehearse Jambeaux's meteoric rise from sleazy club dates on Galveston Island to glittering, "death-boogie" concerts in New York's Shea Stadium and Madison Square Garden.

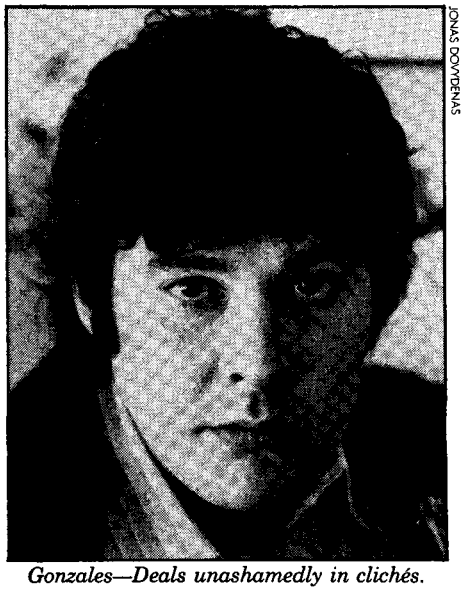
Reader, be warned. *Jambeaux* is the latest turn on the romantic agony, and deals unembarrassedly in clichés. Riffing for the urban cowboy riffraff on Galveston Island—playing "Sympathy for the Devil" or "I Shot the Sheriff"—Page hears tremolos of "that sound," the sound that he conceived in his mind in Vietnam but has never fully delivered into the real world. Like Emily Dickinson, he tastes "a liquor never brewed," a nectar not yet bottled on the planet. Page is the Hunger Artist of rock and roll; like Hemingway, however, he believes that a fourth or even a fifth dimension in art is possible if you can only get up the right components. Thus, shades of Yul Brynner in *The Magnificent Seven*, he sets out to forge a perfectly balanced band to capture "that sound." It's a small band whose music runs off the same circuit as the war in Vietnam: "We want a light assault team. Search and Destroy Rock and Roll. Para-Music Insurgency."

Who, besides Page, vocalist and songwriter, are the boys in the band? Vietnam buddy Link, a sort of Little John, strums a "hellgong" bass guitar. Scoop, a onetime college teacher, now known as the Elusive Missouri Professor of Death, is on lead guitar. On drums is Captain Blye, the British Commando, a heroin addict given to the verbal tic, "Jesus wept." On woodwinds and keyboard is Butch, the Mormon Senator, Humbert Humbert as hominy grit, guaranteed "to instill shakes in teenage chicks."

In the interwoven stories occasioned by the talk with Steve, Page has drawn-out affairs with two women, one an earth mother and the other an ice queen; the band dances a bloody do-si-do with Mafia hit men; Link manages a heroic almost-triumph over drug addiction and death; Page truculently surrenders to the machine of making-it and demonstrates the psychic cost of keeping up with the Rolling Stones.

Needless to say, none of this—neither plot nor character—has the ring of originality. Yet, *Jambeaux*'s clichés are largely cleansed, annealed by Gonzales's language and authority.

The gift and control are there when he's describing concert hardware:



JONAS DOVIDENAS

Gonzales—Deals unashamedly in clichés.

Microphones pointing their heads attentively this way and that, horns lined up rigid and military in their stands, great banks of gaudy, vinyl-covered amplifiers and speakers in outrageous colors—metalflake crimson, skyblue sparkle, orange sunburst, and massacre red—a bramble of electrical cord that made it nearly impossible to navigate the stage floor.

And when he's writing about a vivid drug experience:

He felt his spine, like that of a cooked fish, could simply be lifted out with two fingers and a gentle pull and it would come away, segmented, white and intact, drawing with it his entire rib cage.

And when he's depicting the Mormon Senator on sax:

The notes popped out of his saxophone so strong and bright and clear they were practically visible. Some were very round and had a deep luster like pearls of different sizes and of colors no oyster ever knew. Butch heard the audience's amazement, the thousand-channel sigh of approval, and he went on with that much more determination. The golden bell of the saxophone emitted shapes with such fluency that the effect was like watching someone blow molten copper bubbles from a pipe. Butch shifted his stance and embouchure and another series of notes came out, this time with finely cut angles to them, fracturing prismatically in the spotlights, transuranium mutations, undiscovered jewels, stones blown out as if by an explosion from within the ore itself. The intersecting fields of light carved the bell of the horn into a bladed shape, and the whole instrument seemed to change its form as he played the magic morphology. Page just watched with his mouth open, his eyes wide, as Butch stepped delicately back out of the light and the notes trailed off like small asteroids failing in the distance of deep space, incinerated there, and the applause was like having someone put warm fingers around a most private anatomy.

It's unlikely that you will find much

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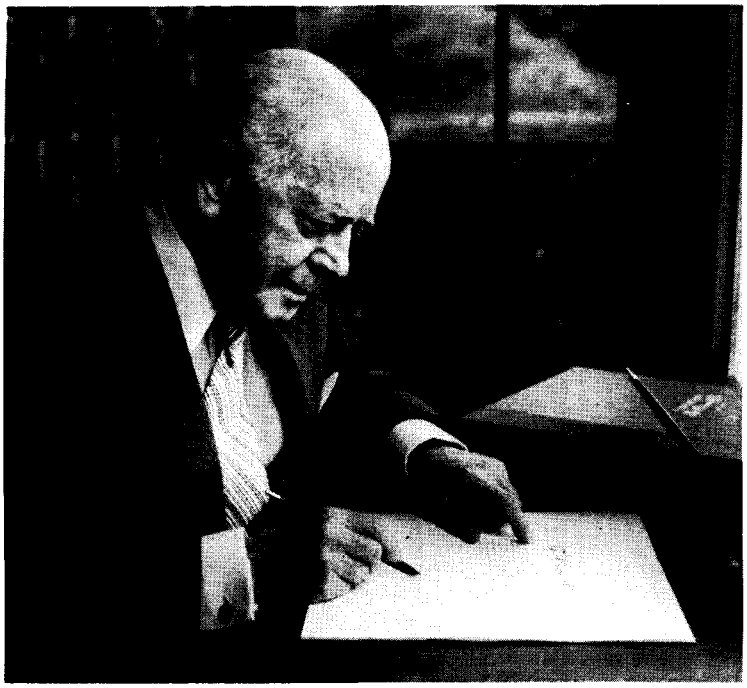

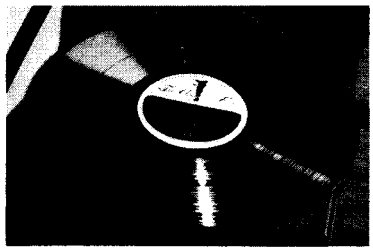

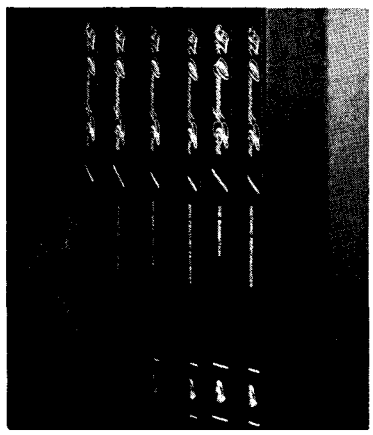

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stronger writing about performance anywhere: Gonzales gives us a rare blend of color and muscularity along a time continuum. Who cares if Page's great good place—a hunting cabin in the woods, logs sizzling in the fireplace—sounds all too much like a cigarette or beer commercial? Everything God made has a crack in it, so man must be allowed a fissure or two.

William Plummer is a freelance critic and reviewer.

Honor Thy Commander

A Game Men Play
by Vance Bourjaily
Dial Press, 311 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Tim O'Brien

CHINK PETERS, the protagonist of *A Game Men Play*, is a man of boggling talents. He is an expert wrestler, a marksman, a boxer, a polo player, a fencer, an Olympic-class horseman, a teacher, a linguist, a ranch manager, a reader of poetry, a behind-the-lines assassin during World War II, and, later, an OSS operative. With this long list of accomplishments, it becomes difficult to focus in on Chink Peters, the human being. He is too heroic to be believable, and, in the end, we simply stop believing. In a spy novel or a thriller, the absence of a credible chief character might be tolerable, provided the plot rolls along, but *A Game Men Play* is no thriller. It is a serious novel, and Vance Bourjaily is one of our most serious literary writers. What, then, do we make of superman Chink Peters? What do we make of a plot that often hinges on contrivance or sheer coincidence? Of muddled themes, a meandering narrative, supporting characters that appear and vanish almost capriciously?

In the first pages of the book, Chink, in charge of a shipment of race horses, is about to embark on an ocean voyage to New Zealand. He learns of the brutal double murder in New York City of the daughters of Wally Diefenbach, Chink's commanding officer during his years in the military and OSS. Chink wires Wally, offering to help, but is turned down, so he sets sail for New Zealand.

The voyage, which consumes about half the novel, is devoted to a series of flashbacks into Chink's remarkable personal history. We learn in great detail about his family, his childhood, his wrestling exploits, his first sex, and then, finally, his association with Wally Diefenbach, for whom Chink feels intense devotion and intense dislike.

In the second part of the novel, flashbacks completed, the journey to New Zealand comes to a swift end, a number of shipboard characters are abruptly dropped, and Chink is summoned by Wally Diefenbach back to New York, where for murky reasons he agrees to help out his comrade by taking up residence in the apartment of the murdered daughters. Partly, perhaps, to investigate their deaths, partly to "protect" a group of young women still living in the building. (Wally, you see, has become an ambassador to the United Nations, and he fears his daughters were killed by terrorists who might strike again.) Whatever the reasons, Chink obliges. He moves in, meets the women, has a fling with one of them, and ultimately unravels the murders.

It is hard to find the point in all this. If it is a story of one man's life, as the first half of the novel might suggest, the text offers few clues to the meaning or importance of that life. If it is a story about the bonds among men, or of honor among men, we must wonder what Bourjaily was trying to tell us about those themes. The novel does not tug us toward thematic conclusions, however tentative, nor does it seem to take a moral stance with respect to the violence and brutality of its chief characters.

Tim O'Brien's Going After Cacciato *won the National Book Award for fiction in 1978.*

Books in Brief

Plains Song
by Wright Morris
Harper & Row, 229 pp., $9.95

UNTIL WE GET to know them, the characters in Wright Morris's new novel about three generations of Midwest farmers are about as flat as their setting. The first generation settlers in particular seem "less persons than pieces of nature, closely related to cows and chickens." Beaten down by the elements and by drudgery, they are described with metaphors drawn from housework ("her immense backside was like a hamper of washing") or beasts of the field ("Ned gave her a pat, as he would the rump of a horse.") The backbone of the largely female family is the stoic Cora, who looks "like a stuffed owl," but who as a wife has "the virtues of a good hired hand." To endure the "horror" of sex, Cora bites through her hand to the bone on her wedding night, leaving it to her husband Emerson to tell people that a horse bit her.

To Sharon Rose, the first woman in the family to flee to Chicago for a wider life, this world comes to represent an incredible oppression, a series of "mindless attachments to persons and places, to kinships, longings, crossing bells, the arc of streetlights, or the featureless faces on station platforms." To the characters who stay, it is a world entirely self-contained and self-sufficient, in which endless unfinished chores provide meaning for existence.

Wright Morris, author of some two dozen other novels, refuses to take sides or allow one of the voices in *Plains Song* to outsing another. As the point of view subtly shifts from character to character, so does Morris's compassion. Each person is sketched with absolute honesty.

As is the setting. Morris's middle western plains—an unchanging panorama of weeds, grasshoppers, grainfields, silences, and heat-drugged flies—are brought to life with an appropriate sparseness and exactness of detail that make their very monotony haunting. The effect of this eloquent novel is hallucinatory, even though the colors are muted and the landscapes are awesomely empty. —JACK SULLIVAN

Such a Pretty Face: Being Fat in America
by Marcia Millman
Norton, 272 pp., $10.95

SOCIOLOGIST Marcia Millman has compiled in *Such a Pretty Face* some stunning accounts of frustration. Take the one of the unfortunate lady propositioned by a stranger who wanted to add a fat woman to his conquests of a dwarf and a cripple. Or the mother of a three-month-old who was continually asked when the baby was due. Or the lesbian who found that when she came out nobody cared: "All I got was a couple of 'Right-on's' and a few cans of diet soda."

Closer to home, there is the woman who welcomes a bout with the flu as an opportunity to lose a couple of pounds, the one who knows that inevitably "a bought cookie is an eaten cookie," and the one who hates shopping because she has to see the back of her body in the three-way mirror, without her face there "to distract [her] from it."

A difficulty with this purported study of *Being Fat in America* is that so many of the people Millman interviewed—at such institutions as a fat camp, Overeaters Anonymous, and the National Association to Aid Fat Americans—seem so much alike. We tire of hearing, and eventually find it difficult to believe, that Jewish mothers are responsible for all the flab in 50 states.

Thankfully, in *Such a Pretty Face* there are no suggestions for an exercise and weight-reduction plan. By now American readers know how to get thin; some of them just aren't psychologically able to. Without flair but with much compassion, Marcia Millman gives these women a forum to tell us poignantly how inescapably public is the problem of being huge. —MELANIE PULIK

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PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 148

CAR INTRIC GNU CL FLEXYR ULEV KLQRU JI CL TLYF JC LMRV LQSR NQF WEC JC JQ ULEV WLSZRC.

ZJQ AEXXNVF

Wit Twister No. 160

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _ _ _ _ _ _ _ , seeing
that to pass this quiz
He needs to know how large a

_ _ _ _ _ _ _ is,

Flouts _ _ _ _ _ _ _ , conscience, and the honest way,
Slips out his notes, and wangles one more A.

A.S.

Answers next issue

FEBRUARY 2 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 147

It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do.

Jerome K. Jerome

Wit Twister No. 159

retied, dieter, tiered

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 188

SYDNEY J. HARRIS: SEMI-LITERATES (CLOG COLLEGES)

If pupils knew that they could not get out of high school until they had a basic grasp of the reading and writing process, then holding them back a year or so might be the fastest and cheapest way to break the log-jam of illiteracy at the college freshman level

From *The Best of Sydney J Harris*

SR COMPETITION NO. 5

At any secondhand book sale one comes across books the very titles of which break the heart, especially the heart of anyone who writes books.

Who would now buy *Today in Central America* (1936), or (our personal favorite) *The Career of the Future: Aeroplane Driving* (1929)?

Readers are invited to submit titles and suitable blurbs (75 words) for imaginary books that might be found on the remainder tables a decade hence. The three most depressing entries will receive copies of John Gunther's *Inside Africa* (1955) plus a consoling check for twenty-five 1980 dollars.

Entries for Competition No. 5 must be received by March 7, and the winners will be announced in the May 24 issue. Please send submissions to *Saturday Review* Competition No. 5, *Saturday Review*, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. All entries become the property of *Saturday Review*.

WINNERS
of *SR* Competition No. 3

In *The Sign of Four*, Sherlock Holmes assumed somewhat rashly, we thought, that a knowledge of the difference between a cabbage and a potato was universal. We asked you to inform us, and it seems that Holmes, as usual, was right, for we were deluged with replies.

Our qualified thanks to Richard Heater, of Marshall, Michigan, who held our attention with the beginning of his poem:

Both are plants and both are food—
Simple facts, widely understood.
But boiled, baked, roasted, or fried,
Only cabbage smells like something that died.

But the next two lines rhymed "pass" and "gas." We passed ....

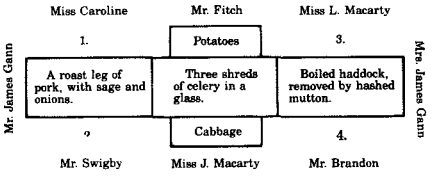
On to down-to-earth Jerry Hambleton, of Laguna Beach, California, who assured us that no matter what we might be told, the *real* difference is about 6¢ a pound.

But here are the winners:

If there were no other reason for doing so, we should still award first prize to David Garman, of Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pennsylvania, for calling a cabbage "a giant pea with ruffles":

Tuber, or not tuber: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ponder
The things in furrows, the outrageous stolon,
Or to take in arms a giant pea with ruffles,
And, for comparing, eat them. To dice: to steep;
No more; and, by a taste to say we end
The stomachache and the thousand natural pangs
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a degustation
Devoutly to be dished. To dice, to steep;
To steep ... perchance to cream! Ay, fetch the tub!
For from those cabbage fumes what stink may come
When we have hardly set the pot to boil
Must raise the gorge!

Ruth Berman, of Norman, Oklahoma, also finishes in the money. She mystified us completely by writing that what *really* separates the cabbage from the potato is "three shreds of celery in a glass." But the proof of her statement, the following diagram from Thackeray's *A Shabby Genteel Story* admits of no refutation:



Congratulations, finally, to Patrick Hodgkin, of Culver, Indiana, who was also inspired by the muse of poesy:

Cabbage and Potato
were sitting each by each,
Alike to the untutored eye
As pebbles on a beach.
Anon a person passed that way,
A taxonomist by trade,
And peering at the pretty pair,
This is what he said:
"Potato has eyes that cannot see;
Cabbage has leaves you cannot turn;
Potato has skin that does not feel;
Cabbage a heart that does not yearn."
Taxonomy's an awkward art,
But he could tell the two apart.
Then off he took them, to repay his trouble,
For his noon repast of Squeak and Bubble.

Which reminds us. The interest in this venerable dish was so widespread that we feel obliged to share the following with everyone, not just the winners. This is wildly adapted from the one Mrs. Hudson herself must have used—*Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management* (London, 1861): Wash a cabbage and chop it. Wash two potatoes and cook them in their skins. Using butter only, stew the cabbage in a saucepan for 10-15 min. (low heat). Peel and slice the potatoes. Fry some chopped onions in a pan till they are limp, then add the potatoes, and continue frying till they are nicely brown. Then mix all together, including, if available, warmed-over meat from the Sunday joint. Season and serve at once. "Alimentary, my dear Watson!" (as numerous contestants reminded us).

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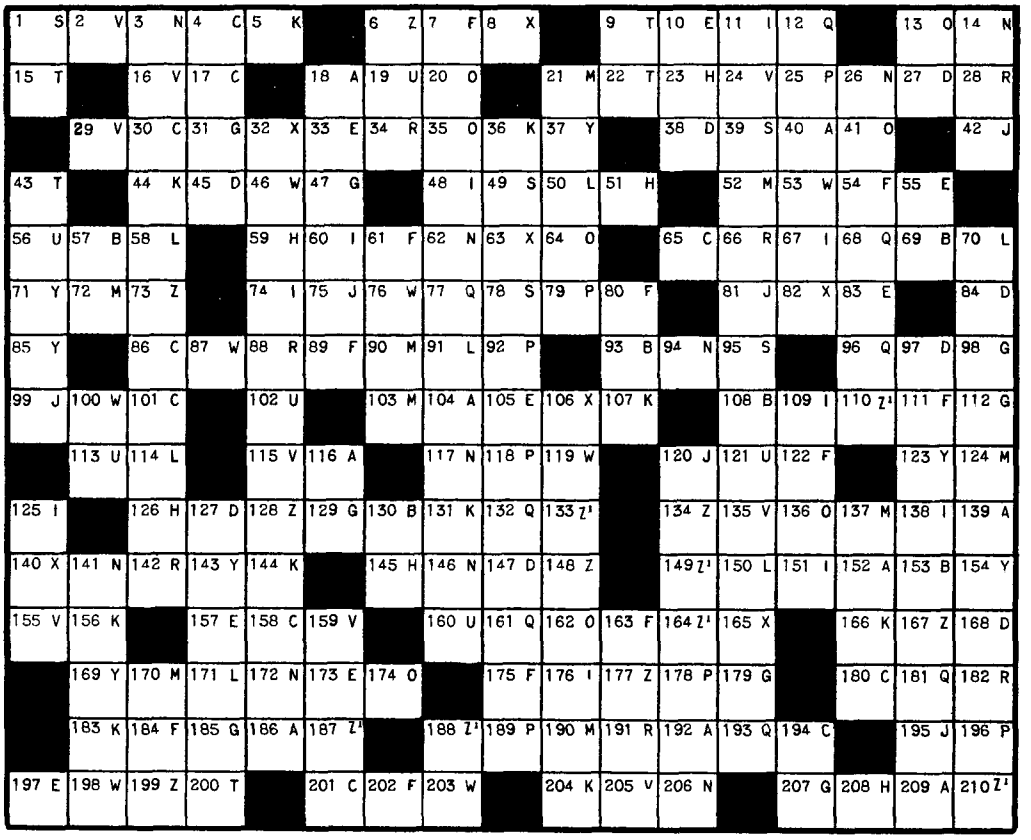
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 189

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Answer to Double-Crostic No. 188 appears on page 54.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Cut short	18 40 104 116 139 152 186 192 209
B. Characterized by intense agitation	57 69 93 108 130 153
C. Ad-lib (3 wds.)	158 180 194 201 86 101 4 30 65 17
D. Gave origin to; nurtured	27 45 38 84 97 127 147 168
E. Judgment of the Spanish Inquisition, followed by burning at the stake (comp.)	197 10 33 55 83 105 157 173
F. Locations for show windows	175 54 61 111 122 163 184 202 7 80 89
G. Forebrain and midbrain	98 112 129 179 31 47 185 207
H. City in northwest Syria	208 23 51 59 126 145
I. Censures, blames	151 176 11 60 74 109 125 138 48 67
J. Yellow, plumlike fruit of a tree, *Eriobotrya japonica*	75 99 195 42 81 120
K. Chitter-chatter, blah-blah (comp.)	144 166 36 107 131 183 44 156 204 5
L. Measuringworms	91 150 171 50 58 70 114
M. One of the seven hills of Rome	190 21 103 124 137 170 52 72 90
N. Summarize, reword	146 3 14 26 62 117 141 94 172 206
O. American playwright (1888–1959; *Anne of the Thousand Days*)	13 35 174 20 64 136 162 41
P. First strike for many a youthful angler	178 196 79 92 118 25 189
Q. Jack Teagarden's instrument	68 161 181 77 96 193 132 12
R. Large wardrobe	34 191 88 66 142 182 28
S. Back of the neck	95 39 1 49 78
T. "In what distant ___ or skies" (Blake, "The Tyger")	9 15 22 43 200
U. Mother, by Apollo, of Dorus, Laodocus, and Polypoetes	160 19 56 121 113 102
V. Skedaddles, clears out, splits (3 wds.)	159 2 135 29 24 16 205 115 155
W. Panegyric, laudation	76 53 198 203 119 87 46 100
X. Perfumed	32 106 63 82 165 140 8
Y. Pertaining to visual imagery clearly retained in the memory	37 71 123 85 143 154 169
Z. Former province in Manchuria, capital Tsitsihar	148 128 177 199 134 6 167 73
Z1. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to ___" (2 wds.; Campbell, "Pleasures of Hope")	133 187 110 149 164 210 188

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THE BACK DOOR

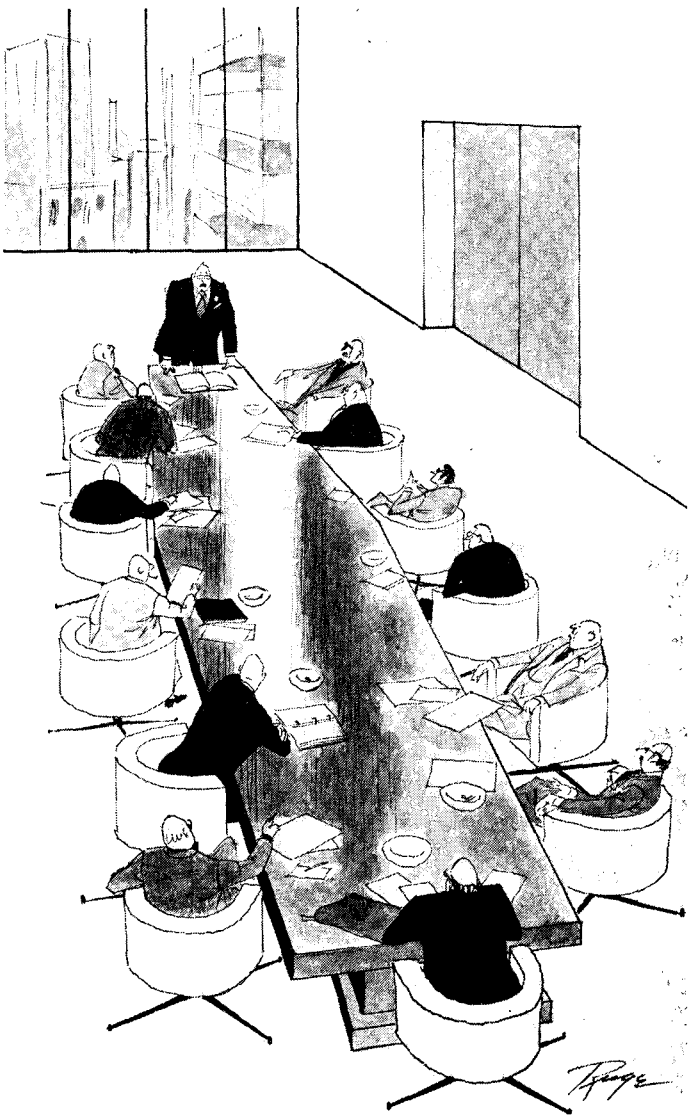
Public Figures, Private Lives

A RECENT TEMPEST in the publishing teapot involved the decision of a fellow magazine editor to reject an article on Senator Edward Kennedy's sex life. As it turned out, the article, which was published elsewhere, lacked even gossipy interest. The debate that was sparked by its rejection, however, was instructive.

The issue became: How much of a candidate's so-called private life is public domain? Is a press that pries into a presidential aspirant's personal habits pandering to voyeurs or enlightening rightfully curious voters?

It is not difficult to comprehend both sides of the argument. Without doubt, we have become a nation of Peeping Toms. Our obsession with a candidate's personality and intimate history distracts us from his or her competence or record. Jerry Brown's understandable attraction to Linda Ronstadt has nothing to do with his usefulness to the Republic. Neither does marital fidelity necessarily bear any relation to judgmental acuity.

That said, one is faced with the challenge of where to draw the line. Is "playing around" unobjectionable if a candidate plays discreetly? Is a contender's homosexuality a relevant campaign concern?



"We're earmarking $16,500,000 of our net profits to finance a nationwide public-relations campaign to correct the current impression that we're making too much money."

Those who recoil from such questions on principle argue that we elect lawmakers, not saints. If we deny officials even a modicum of privacy, we will discourage many talented individuals from entering the field. All we can ask of a public servant is that he or she serve the public well.

Inflexible advocates of the contrary position—that there are no limits to our "right to know," especially concerning a presidential candidate—invariably cite those infrequent cases in which a public servant's personal habits did affect his ability to function. Wilbur Mills's sad history reminds us that devotion to the bottle can easily overwhelm the most ardent dedication to the public weal.

There are, however, risks in telling all. Information is never neutral; it generates its own consequences, which are sometimes predictable. Certain sorts of revelations can have dire effects that outweigh the usefulness of the disclosures. One is reminded of the shameful, forced withdrawal of Senator Thomas Eagleton as a vice-presidential candidate when his history of psychiatric treatments was revealed. A more recent example is the gossipy best-seller *The Brethren*, by Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong, which can only weaken our judicial system by fraying the trust between judges and clerks. It is the task of the journalist, not to satisfy curiosity, but to report the truth, which requires that he strive to set events in a just perspective. A journalist oblivious to this responsibility is like a police officer who treats every transgressor with identical harshness, regardless of the pettiness of the offense.

How much information about a candidate is too much depends on whether that information reflects the candidate's ability to do the job. It is doubtful that Abraham Lincoln's or Woodrow Wilson's depressions or FDR's or JFK's backstairs philandering much changed the course of history: Such disclosures were better left to posthumous biographies. On the other hand, when a crippled George Wallace was running for president, it was important for voters to be aware of the physical damage wreaked by the would-be assassin's bullet.

How Senator Kennedy's romantic habits reflect on his ability to be an effective president is a complex question. In general, I would argue that short of criminality, a candidate's sex life is his own concern. The central questions to date about Senator Kennedy's candidacy, however, have revolved around his character. His cheating at Harvard and panic, or worse, at Chappaquiddick must give any voter pause. To the extent that the senator's purported Don Juanism affords insight into the sort of human being he is, those facts deserve to be known. To the extent that the senator's escapades shed no light on his character, reportage of them should be eschewed. Like it or not, the judgment still rests with journalists. We must hope that editors and writers perceive the making of such judgments as a serious ethical responsibility.

—Carll Tucker

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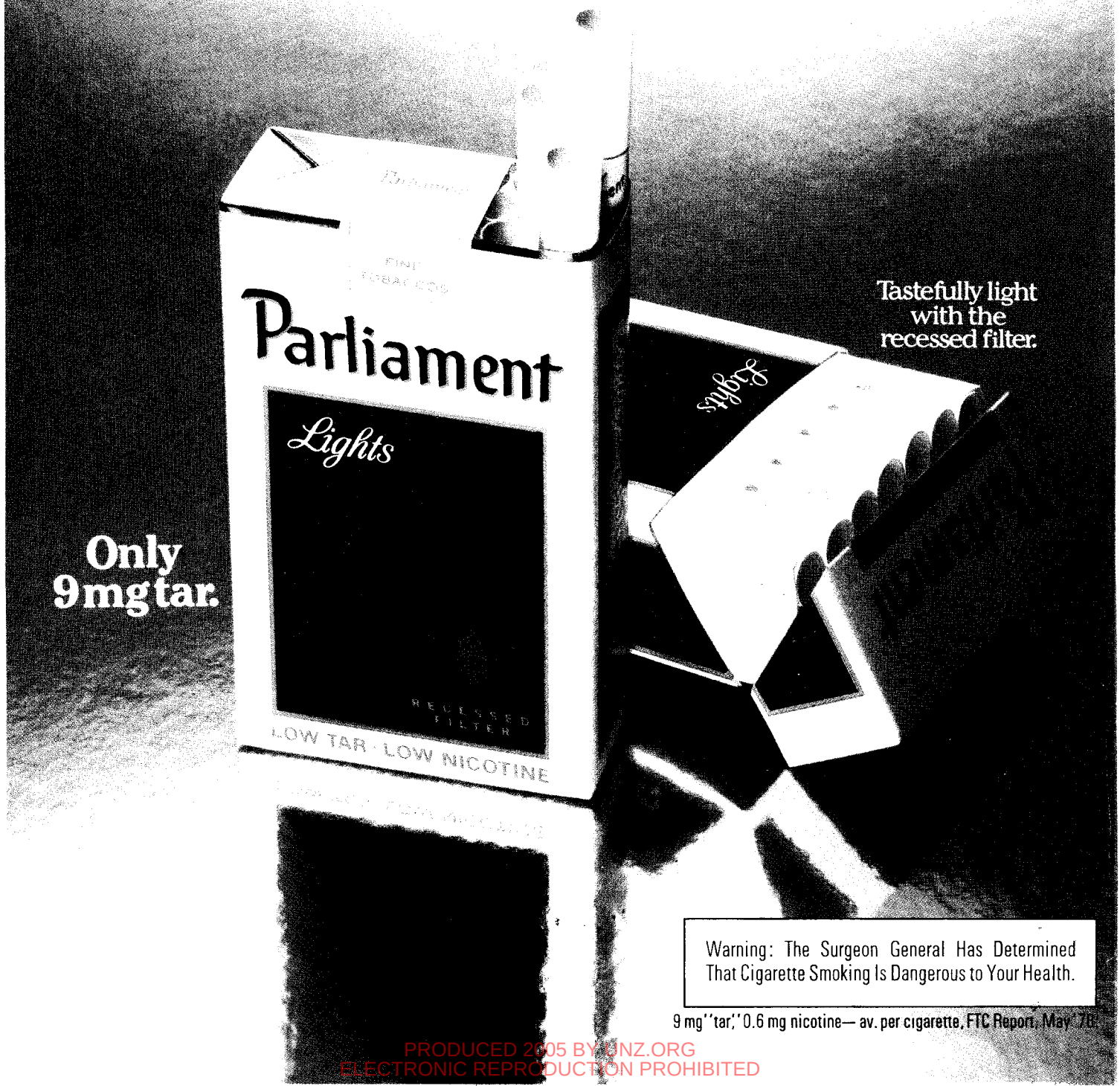

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